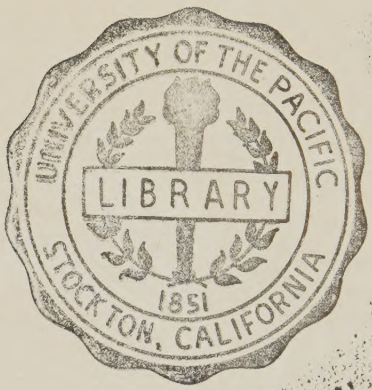
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ODES OF HORACE

BOOK I

VOL. II — PART II

BOOK I

Notes on the Literary History of the Odes of Horace

From the best Commentators both Ancient and Modern

With
Selected Supplemental Versions

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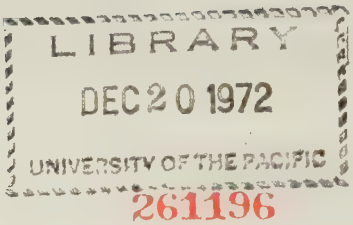

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ODE I

TO MÆCENAS

Bright in the lyric bard's immortal page,
Mæcenas shines thro' ev'ry distant age;
The patron's fame has with the poet's flown.
O could my Muse insure her short-liv'd song,
Like Horace sprightly, and like Vergil strong;
To time's last stage my envy'd name should shine,
And bloom immortal, by recording thine.

CAIUS CILNIUS MÆCENAS, to whom Horace dedicated the first book of his lyric poems, typified for all time the genius of literary patronage. He was proud of his illustrious descent, to which Horace so cleverly alludes in the first two lines of the prologue, and, being deep in the councils of Augustus, he had on the one hand a following of the grandees of Rome and, on the other, the throng of poets and wits to whom he allied himself by his own literary productions. He was a man of great wealth, and entertained lavishly in his

palace on the Esquiline. At his table met the three aristocracies, — of brains, of wealth, and of birth. The friendship between him and Horace was undoubtedly free from any touch of condescension on the one part or servility on the other. Mæcenas presented Horace with his famous Sabine farm, and in return Horace presented the statesman with immortality. In the days of Horace learned men lived on easy terms of familiarity with the great. Augustus himself would sometimes sit between Horace and Vergil, and say, jestingly, that he sat "betwixt tears and sighing," alluding to the ophthalmia of the one and the asthma of the other; he would frequently correspond with them, and never leave their letters unanswered; nor were they under the constraint of formal superscriptions in the beginning, or of violent superlatives at the close of their letters.

Mæcenas is reputed to have bid for literary honours on his own account. Two tragedies, — "Octavia" and "Prometheus," — a "History of Animals," a "Treatise on Precious Stones," and a "Journal of the Life of Augustus" are ascribed to him; but they have all perished. "Father Prout," Professor Tate,

and others have affected to discover an allusion to these works in the twenty-ninth line of the dedicatory ode, but it is obviously only a matter of conjecture.

The version selected to accompany the text of this introductory ode is one recently made by A. S. Aglen, M. A., Archdeacon of St. Andrews. It is reprinted from his edition of the "Odes and Carmen Seculare," published in Glasgow, 1896. Professor G. G. Ramsey, of the University of Glasgow, says in his introductory note to the volume: "As a life-long lover of Horace; as one who has found in him an unrivalled master for awakening in young minds a sense of what is pure in style, of what is good, what bad, in literary form, I rejoice that the task of interpreting him to this *fin de siècle* should have been undertaken by one who is so fine a scholar as Archdeacon Aglen, and so completely steeped in the spirit of all that is best in our own literature."

> Me doctarum ederae proemia frontium
> dis miscent superis.

Some commentators have supposed that Horace wrote here, "Te doctarum," etc., thereby intending to compliment Mæcenas. "Besides," they say, "according to the com-

mon reading, Horace here forestalls his own praise, for 'dis miscent superis' is a stronger phrase than 'sublimi feriam sidera vertice.'" It must be allowed that this conjecture is ingenious, and the opposition between "Te" and "Me" not inelegant. But as it is not supported by any manuscript, or ancient copies, "this may be called rather correcting than restoring an author." The common reading is capable of a very good sense. "Dis miscent superis" may be understood only in a qualified sense for "make me happy;" and accordingly it is softened in the translation. Or perhaps by the phrase, Horace intended jocularly to express his high esteem of poesy.

Among those who held to the theory that the compliment was intended wholly for Mæcenas, was John Osborne Sargent, one of the most enthusiastic among Horace's many admirers in America, who throughout his long life retained his interest in this his favourite poet. He made a number of metrical versions of the odes, which were published by his daughter after his death. He graduated at Harvard in 1830; and in 1886, in order to encourage the study of his favourite poet, he offered the undergraduate students of Harvard and Radcliffe

colleges a prize of one hundred dollars for the best metrical translation of a lyric poem of Horace. In 1892 the prize was endowed in his memory by his daughter, and is now offered annually. We quote Mr. Sargent's rendering of the first ode: —

Alike my guardian and my grace,
Mæcenas, born of Tuscan kings,
Men live to whom the Olympian race
With clouds of dust its rapture brings;
And when the glowing axles graze
But clear the goal, and win the prize,
The ennobling palm will even raise
Earth's greatest Masters to the skies;
Him who by Rome's capricious choice
Her triple powers and honours wields,
And him whose granaries rejoice
In all the wealth of Libya's fields.
The man who lives contented now
To hoe and delve ancestral acres
No gold will tempt on Cyprian prow
To face Myrtoan storms and breakers.
The merchant, fearing winds and waves,
Praises farm-life and quits the sea,
But soon again its shipwrecks braves,
Untaught to bear with poverty.
This man disdains not to recline
Beneath an arbute half the day,
And quaff his cups of Massic wine,
And doze where sacred fountains play.
Live many men for whom the camp
And trumpet-blast that calls to arms,

The horn's sharp shriek, and war's stern tramp,
  Hated by mothers, have their charms.
Unmindful of his tender spouse,
  The huntsman fronts the frosty air,
If faithful hounds the deer arouse,
  Or wild boar break the well-wrought snare.
Thee ivies, crown of learned men,
  Mix with celestial gods ; with me,
Apart from crowds, in grove and glen
  Satyrs and Nymphs find company —
If sweet Euterpe plays her flute,
  Nor Polyhymnia denies
Her echoes of the Lesbian lute :
  But I shall touch the starry skies
If thou vouchsafe to write my name
Among the bards of lyric fame.

The origin of the Olympic games referred to in the third line of the text is buried in obscurity. They were discontinued at one time for a considerable period, but the legend has it that they were afterwards revived by Hercules in honour of his father Jupiter Olympius. Nothing was considered more honourable in Rome than to return victorious from these exercises, which were celebrated every four years and continued for five consecutive days. The conquerors were borne triumphantly back to their own city, and had many honours bestowed upon them.

In the fifteenth line, *Icariis fluctibus* refers

to the Icarian Sea near Samos, which is supposed to obtain its name from Icarus, the son of Dædalus, who (it is said) in his flight from Crete approached too near the sun, whereupon the wax on his wings melted, causing a "disjunction of the feathers," and he was hurled into the sea.

A rare edition of Horace, "Printed for Joseph Davidson at the Angel in Poultry (London, MDCCXLIII), contains a prose translation of Ode II, Book IV, the first lines of which read: "Whoever, Iulus, attempts to vie with Pindar soars on Wings joyned with wax in Imitation of Dædalus, and will certainly meet with Icarus's Fate, who made that Sea famous into which he fell."

The Satyrs mentioned in line 31 of the text are described as "a Kind of Deity conversant in Woods and Deserts. From the Middle upwards they resembled men; only with two little Horns on their Heads, and below they were of the form of a Goat." See illustration at conclusion of Ode VIII, Book III.

ODE II

TO AUGUSTUS CÆSAR

In this ode, thought to be one of his finest and most ingenious, Horace seeks to ingratiate himself into the favour of Augustus by first enumerating the prodigies immediately following the death of Julius Cæsar, and then intimating that Jupiter had sent a god from heaven in the form of Augustus to appease the highly irritated state of Nature and to avenge Cæsar's untimely death. Lord Lytton says of this ode, that it is "one of the most difficult to translate so as to impress an English reader with some sense of the beauties ascribed to it by its admirers." Macleane says: "The way in which he introduces the name of Cæsar unexpectedly at the end has always appeared to me an instance of consummate art."

It is said of Augustus that, from the date of the birth of Christ, he refused to allow his people to call him Lord, in order "that all

Lordship might be ascribed to Him (Christ)." The following passage is taken from "Lloyd's Worthies": "He made not war upon any people without just and necessary causes: His saying was that 'neither Battel nor War was to be undertaken unless there might be evidently seen more hope of gain than fear of damage.'" His motto was, "That is done soon enough which is done well enough."

He never recommended his relatives or friends to the Roman people, except with the clause, *if they shall deserve.*

He was himself much grieved when obliged to decree a severe punishment or pronounce a grievous sentence.

He seldom wore any apparel other than that made within his own house by his wife, his sister, or his daughter.

It is said that "he slept only in the day."

Æmilius Probus says that Augustus "beholding certain rich strangers and foreigners at Rome carrying Whelps of Dogs and Apes in their bosoms, and making much of them, he did ask, 'whether women did not bring forth children in their own Countreys?' Hereby giving a worthy and princely admonition to

them who do consume and waste upon Beasts the natural affection and love due to men."

He was intensely afraid of thunderstorms, during which he is said to have frequently retired to a vault under his palace on Mount Palatine, where he would wrap himself in a sealskin.

Upon learning of a certain gentleman in Rome whose custom it was to sleep soundly throughout the night, notwithstanding the heavy obligations in which he was hopelessly involved, it is said that Augustus very much desired to purchase the bed upon which this man slept so soundly.

Professor Shorey, of the University of Chicago, calls attention to the graphic effect of the repetition in this ode of the syllable *is* representing the noise of the wind and rain.

Inundations of the Tiber have recurred with considerable frequency since that one described in the ode. The most famous one took place in December, 1870. That of December 2, 1900, flooded the Forum and the Temple of Hercules, and recalled the flood commemorated by Horace nineteen centuries before.

In contrast with Gladstone's modern version of this ode, which faces the text herein,

it is interesting to read that of Philip Francis, D. D., made more than a century previous —

Enough of snow and hail in tempests dire
Have poured on earth, while heaven's eternal Sire
With red right arm at his own temples hurled
His thunders, and alarmed a guilty world.

Lest Pyrrha should again with plaintive cries
Behold the monsters of the deep arise,
When to the mountain summit Proteus drove
His sea-born herd, and where the woodland dove

Late perched, his wonted seat, the scaly brood
Entangled hung upon the topmost wood,
And every timorous native of the plain,
High-floating, swam amid the boundless main.

We saw, pushed backward to his native source,
The yellow Tiber roll his rapid course;
With impious ruin threat'ning Vesta's fane,
And the great monuments of Numa's reign;

With grief and rage while Ilia's bosom glows,
Boastful, for her revenge, his waters rose;
But now the uxorious river glides away,
So Jove commands, smooth-winding to the sea.

And yet, less numerous by their parents' crimes,
Our sons shall hear, shall hear to latest times,
Of Roman arms with civil gore imbrued,
Which better had the Persian foe subdued.

Among her guardian gods, what pitying power
To raise her sinking state shall Rome implore?

Shall her own hallowed virgins' earnest prayer
Harmonious charm offended Vesta's ear?

To whom shall Jove assign to purge away
The guilty deed? Come, then, bright god of day,
But gracious veil thy shoulders beamy bright,
Oh! veil in clouds th' unsufferable light.

Or come, sweet queen of smiles, while round thee rove
On wanton wing, the powers of mirth and love;
Or hither, Mars, thine aspect gracious bend,
And, powerful, thy neglected race defend.

Parent of Rome, amidst the rage of fight
Sated with scenes of blood, thy fierce delight,
Thou, whom the polished helm, the noise of arms
And the stern soldier's frown with transport warms:

Or thou, fair Maia's winged son, appear,
And human shape in prime of manhood wear;
Declared the guardian of the imperial state,
Divine avenger of great Cæsar's fate:

Oh! late return to heaven, and may thy reign
With lengthened blessings fill thy wide domain!
Nor let thy people's crimes provoke thy flight
On airy pinions to the realms of light.

Great prince and father of the state, receive
The noblest triumphs which thy Rome can give;
Nor let the Parthian with unpunished pride,
Beyond his bounds, O Cæsar, dare to ride.

ODE III

TO THE SHIP IN WHICH VERGIL SAILED TO ATHENS

Horace is said to have been forty-seven years old when he composed this beautiful farewell upon the occasion of Vergil's departure for Greece, where he was going to finish the Æneid. A noted commentator has written: "Had Horace foreseen what was to happen, he could scarcely have expressed his grief in a more affectionate manner than he does in this ode; the first eight lines of which have something in them admirably tender, and the rest very grand; for nothing can be more finished in its kind than this ode."

The original is faced in this volume by the admirable version made by John Dryden and inscribed to the Earl of Roscommon at the time of his intended voyage to Ireland. This translation appeared in 1685, in Dryden's "Miscellaneous Poems" dedicated "to Went-

worth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon." It may be compared with Gladstone's more recent rendering which follows: —

So may the Queen of Cyprian heights,
So Helen's brethren, starry lights,
So speed thy course the Lord of wind,
And all, save Zephyr, fastly bind:

O Ship, thou hast a debt to pay,
Our Vergil: hold him well, I pray,
Unharmed to Attic bounds consign,
And save that life, the half of mine.

'T was armed with oak and triple brass,
His breast, who first made bold to pass
In fragile bark the truculent seas,
Nor feared the boding Hyades,

Nor south-west wind at war with north,
Nor headlong Notus blustering forth,
Like whom no tyrant Adria sways
The tempest to allay or raise.

All forms of death will he defy
Who views rude waves with tearless eye,
Sea-monsters, and thy deadly sweep,
Thou sheer Acroceraunian steep.

Of purpose Heaven by severing main
Divided lands; but all in vain
If rebel ships, in Heaven's despite,
May leap the waves, and lands unite.

For men, o'erbold to do and dare,
Right down the heavenly barriers tear,
And Japhet's race, portentous birth,
By guilty theft bring fire to earth.

That crime achieved, a strange array
Of Fevers, and unknown Decay,
Swept down on man, and Death perforce
Made speedier his appointed course.

The might of Hercules destroyed
Hell's bars, and in the airy void
With lawless wings, not given to man,
The flight of Dædalus began.

In nought, we think, can mortals fail:
We seek, like fools, high heaven to scale;
With crime so rife, Jove cannot lay
The bolts, that speak his wrath, away.

Hyadas, — in the fourteenth line of the text (line 12 of Mr. Gladstone's version), — the Seven Stars, feigned to be the daughters of Atlas and Æthra — who, lamenting the death of their brother Hyas, were "translated into heaven, where they are supposed still to continue weeping, it being observed that their rising and setting are frequently attended with storms of rain."

The 28th line of Mr. Gladstone's version — "By guilty theft bring fire to earth" — is explained by the mythical belief that Prome-

theus, the son of Iapetus, ascended into heaven by the aid of Minerva, and having lighted a torch at one of the wheels of the chariot of the Sun, he stole fire from heaven and made a present of it to mankind. The gods, as a punishment for this sacrilege, caused him to be fastened to a rock on Mount Caucasus, where a vulture continually preyed upon his liver. What gave occasion to this fable is that "Prometheus was a man very learned in astronomy: He dwelt on Mount Caucasus to make his observations on the rise and setting of the stars."

Another legend has it that for revenge Jupiter sent Pandora, the wife of Epimetheus, with a box to her husband, "which after he had opened, there flew out thereof sundry sorts of diseases and spread themselves up and down the earth."

Lines from this ode have been frequently quoted and imitated. Herrick in his "Hesperides," in an ode to his brother on "A Country Life," after imitating a passage from Ode I regarding

> The industrious merchant, who
> To the western Ind,

And back again, doth fly,
Untaught to suffer poverty,

declares that the man who first dared to "plow the ocean" had "a heart thrice walled with oak and brass." The Latin words *Aes triplex* were chosen by the late Robert Louis Stevenson as a title for one of his volumes.

Milton in "Paradise Lost" has —

Or arm the obdurate breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.

Tennyson in "In Memoriam" writes: —

Fair ship, that from the Italian shore,
Sailest the placid ocean plains.

Wordsworth in his lines to Scott, about to sail for Naples, says: —

Be true, ye winds of ocean and the midland sea,
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope.

Macaulay in his "Ballad of Lake Regillus" has these lines:

Safe comes the ship to haven
Through billows and through gales
If once the Great Twin Brethren
Sit shining on the sails.

"Helen's brethren" (*fratres Helenae*) refers to "Castor and Pollux, imagined by the ancients to have been transformed into these two

stars called *Gemini*, or the Twin Stars. During their lifetime they were famous for clearing the seas of rovers and pirates."

Swinburne mentions

> Those great twins of air
> Hailed once with old world prayer,
> Of all folk always faring forth by sea.

In striking imitation of the impressive phrase *Leti gradum*, the step of Death, Shakespeare has in "Measure for Measure," Act 5, Scene 1, "the swift celerity of his death, Which I did think with slower foot came on." Professor Shorey, whose edition of the "Odes and Epodes" is a mine of quotations, compares to Horace's *tarda necessitas Leti*, Shelley's line in "Queen Mab," "Mild was the slow necessity of Death."

In the discussion of Disraeli's imperialistic policy, at least one stately opponent of the empire of India applied to the prime minister lines 25, 26: —

> Audax omnia perpeti
> gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.

Indeed, Horace has always served Oratory as a well-stocked armoury of pertinent quotations, as may be seen by glancing through the pages of Hansard.

ODE IV

TO LUCIUS SESTIUS

"This ode," according to the opinion of an ancient commentator, "is very fine, and though the subject is common, Horace treats it in an extraordinary manner and with more ingenuity than appears at first sight." In referring to the fidelity of Lucius while in the service of Brutus, and even after the death of that chieftain, Lord Lytton says: "He did not on that account incur the displeasure of Augustus, who made him *consul suffectus* in his own place, B. C. 23."

Macleane says: "Sestius shared the defeat of Brutus at Philippi, but returning to Rome he was favoured by Augustus, and rose to be consul."

Archdeacon Wrangham's version is given opposite the text. Francis Wrangham was a noted classical scholar (1787 to 1840); he went from Trinity Hall, Cambridge, to be vicar

of Hunmanby, where his book-shelves began at the front door and ran up to the garret." His "Lyrics of Horace" were published in 1821. His rendering of this poem may be compared with the quaint version of the Earl of Roscommon, who was one of the earliest titled English Horatians: —

Conquer'd with soft and pleasing Charms,
And never-failing Vows of her Return,
Winter unlocks his frosty Arms
To free the joyful Spring;
Which for fresh Loves with youthful Heat does burn;
Warm South-Winds court her, and with fruitful Showers
Awake the drowsie Flowers
Who haste and all their Sweetness bring
To pay their yearly offering.

No nipping White is seen,
But all the Fields are clad in pleasant Green,
And only fragrant Dews now fall;
The Ox forsakes his once warm Stall
To bask i' th' Sun's much warmer Beams;
The Plowman leaves his Fire and his Sleep,
Well pleased to whistle to his labouring Teams;
Whilst the glad Shepherd pipes to 's frisking Sheep.
Nay tempted by the smiling Sky
Wreckt Merchants quit the Shore;
Resolving once again to try
The Wind and Sea's Almighty Power;
Chusing much rather to be Dead than Poor.

Upon the flow'ry Plains,
Or under shady Trees,
The Shepherdesses and their Swains
Dance to their rural Harmonies;
Then steal in private to their covert Groves,
There finish their well heighten'd Loves.
The City Dame takes this Pretence
(Weary of Husband and of Innocence)
To quit the Smoke and Business of the Town,
And to her Country-House retires,
Where she may bribe and grasp some Country
Clown,
Or her appointed Gallant come
To feed her loose Desires;
Whilst the poor Cuckold by his Sweat at home
Maintains her Lust and Pride;
Blest as he thinks with such a beauteous Bride.

Since all the World 's thus gay and free,
Why should not we?
Let 's then accept our Mother Nature's Treat,
And please ourselves with all that 's sweet;
Let 's to the shady Bowers,
Where, Crown'd with gaudy Flowers,
We 'll drink and laugh away the gliding Hours.
Trust me, Thyrsis, the grim Conqueror Death
With the same freedom snatches a King's Breath,
He hurtles the poor fetter'd Slave
To 's unknown Grave.
Tho' we each Day with Cost repair,
He mocks our greatest Skill and utmost Care;
Nor loves the Fair, nor fears the Strong,
And he that lives the longest dies but young;
And once depriv'd of Light,
We 're wrapt in mists of endless night.

Once come to those dark cells, of which we're told
So many strange romantick Tales of old
(In things unknown Invention's justly bold),
No more shall Mirth and Wine
Our Loves and Wit refine.
No more shall you your Phyllis have,
Phyllis so long you 've priz'd;
Nay she too in the Grave
Shall lye like us despis'd.

The sentiment of the lines —

Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
regumque turres —

is universal in literature. Many famous writers have reproduced almost the words. François de Malherbe (1555–1628) wrote a poem of condolence to his friend, M. du Perrier, on the loss of a daughter, one stanza of which is as follows: —

Le pauvre en sa cabane, où le chaume le couvre
Est sujet à ses lois;
Et la garde qui veille aux barrières du Louvre
N'en défend point nos rois.

William Cowper, in his "Yearly Bill of Mortality, 1787," says, —

Pale death with equal foot strikes wide the door
Of royal halls and hovels of the poor.

Dickens says, in "David Copperfield," chapter 28, "If we failed to hold our own,

because that equal foot at all men's doors was heard knocking somewhere, every object in this world would slip from us."

Ovid wrote: —

Nunc animae tenues et corpora functa sepulchris,
errant; nunc posito pascitur umbra cibo.

Beethoven carried out musically the same idea in his Fifth Symphony, — that in C minor. He appended a line in which Death is pictured as knocking at the door: —

Es klopft der Tod der Thür heran.

A part of Gladstone's version of the ode, embodying the favourite quotation, follows: —

O Sestius, Fortune's favourite,
The kingly tower alike
And pauper's hut pale Death will strike.
Life's narrow space forbids to frame
Large hopes. Thee too the night
Will vex, thee many a fabled sprite,
Thee Pluto's cribbing cell: and thou,
Arriving there at last,
No more shalt rule the feast by cast
Of dice, no more wilt gaze on forms
Whose tender beauties move
At once to wonder and to love.

Probably Herrick had this ode in mind when he wrote: —

Sing, oh Horace; for ere long
Death will come and mar thy song.

In the last act of Schiller's "Bride of Messina," the First chorus led by Cajeton sings: —

With sorrow in his train
From street to street the King of Terrors glides;
With stealthy foot and slow
He creeps where'er the fleeting race
Of man abides.
In turn at every gate
Is heard the dreaded knock of Fate,
The message of unutterable woe!

Thomas Carew imitated the first lines of this ode and the Seventh Ode of the Fourth Book in his lines: —

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes; and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake or crystal stream:
But the warm sun thaws the benumbèd earth,
And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo, and the humble-bee.
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring,
In triumph to the world, the youthful Spring;
The valleys, hills, and woods in rich array
Welcome the coming of the long'd-for May.

ODE V

TO PYRRHA

One commentator has said of this wonderful ode: "It is pure nectar." Milton was the first of the great writers of modern times to attempt an English version. His translation of this love lyric is said to have been a school exercise, and it is perfectly possible, for he wrote poems in English at the age of ten, and was familiar with French, Italian, Latin, Hebrew, and Greek at a time when most young men are just beginning their classical studies. The first publication of this translation seems to have been in the edition of Milton published in 1673, — the year previous to his death, — and was prefaced, "Rendered almost word for word, without rhyme, according to the Latin measure, as near as the language will permit."

Tabula sacer votiva paries.

It was customary among the Romans who had been shipwrecked to return thanks to the gods for their deliverance, and especially to Neptune, in whose temple they hung up a tablet giving an account of their danger and escape; also the clothes in which they had been shipwrecked. It is to this custom that Horace alludes in speaking of his escape from the wiles of Pyrrha.

The learned Gloucester Ridley, in writing of this ode, observes that "both the translations and imitations run easily till we come to the last stanza, where, instead of the graceful close in the Latin, the English hobbles off lame and harsh, from its allusion to the *Votive Tables* so well understood at Rome, but so little heard of by a mere English reader." While this observation is applicable to Milton's "word for word" translation facing the text, the following version of the last verse by Thomas Creech (1659–1700) is more comprehensible to the average English reader: —

Ah! wretched those who Love, yet ne'er did try
The smiling Treachery of thine Eye;
But I 'm secure, my Danger 's o'er,
My Table shows the Cloaths I vow'd

When midst the Storm, to please the God,
I have hung up, and now am safe on Shore.

Abraham Cowley (1618–1667), whom the Duke of Buckingham designated as "the Horace of England," made the following excellent paraphrase of this ode: —

To whom now, Pyrrha, art thou kind?
To what Heart-ravish'd lover
Dost thou thy golden locks unbind,
Thy hidden sweets discover,
And with large bounty open set
All the bright stores of thy rich cabinet?

Ah, simple youth, how oft will he
Of thy chang'd faith complain!
And his own fortunes find to be
So airy and so vain:
Of so camelion-like an hue,
That still their colour changes with it too!

How oft, alas, will he admire
The blackness of the skies!
Trembling to hear the winds sound higher,
And see the billows rise:
Poor unexperienc'd he,
Who ne'er, alas, before had been at sea!

He joys in thy calm sun-shine now,
And no breath stirring hears;
In the clear heaven of thy brow
No smallest cloud appears.
He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
And trusts the faithless April of thy May.

Unhappy! Thrice unhappy he,
T' whom thou untri'd dost shine!
But there 's no danger now for me,
Since o'er Loretto's shrine,
In witness of the shipwreck past,
My consecrated vessel hangs at last.

Most of the Horatian translators have tried their hand at rendering this world-famed ode.

The following graceful and flowing paraphrase or imitation, signed by "Dr. W. P.," and published in London in 1767, is well worthy of comparison with stricter and severer versions: —

In the cooling grotto's shade,
On the rose's bosom laid,
Fair one, say, what slender boy,
Breathing spicy odours round,
Now may tease, and sweetly toy,
And with Pyrrha's smiles be crown'd.

Whom awaits the golden snare
(Golden locks of wreathed hair!)
Charms in simple neatness drest;
How, alas! shall he repent,
Sigh and silently lament
Griefs too strong to be exprest!

Gods inconstant! gods estranged!
All the face of nature changed!
Broken faith and broken vows!
Boisterous winds and ruffled seas!
And a stormy look that shows
Thee more cruel still than these.

How shall he admire the change,
  Unexperienc'd in the sight,
Who, through Love's enchanted range,
  Revelling in gay delight,
Thinks thee now and ever his,
  Lovely pledge of future bliss!

Trusting the soft-breathing gale,
  Now he spreads a flowing sail;
But unhappy is the youth,
  Who, confiding in thy truth,
Launches in the splendid rays
  Of thy fair delusive face!

I, who lately did arrive,
  Safe from shipwreck, on the shore,
Sworn to let my vessel drive
  On Love's ocean never more,
Here this grateful frame decree
  To the God who rules the sea!

Of the unlimited power of beauty to conquer, the Greek poet Anacreon (532 B. C.) thus charmingly sang: —

Beauty! whose prevailing charms
Prove the most resistless arms,
Beauty shield and sword supplies,
Beauty vanquishes the wise;
Beauty, made to be adored,
Safe defies the threatening sword;
Can devouring flames assuage,
And repel their desperate rage;
Beauty makes the hero fall,
Conquers those who conquer all.

A quaint French writer of 1653 burlesqued this ode as follows; it is reprinted from a very rare old book in the British Museum: —

Quel est l'amant, quelle est la dupe
Qui soupire aujourd'hui pour vous?
Et pour un vilain trou que cache votre jupe
Contrefait le mari jaloux?
Pyrrhe, de grâce une parole,
Quel est celui qui vous cajole
Et présume en cet art ne céder à pas un?
Il a beaucoup de suffisance
Si pour user d'un lieu commun
Il croit avoir de l'éloquence.
Votre embonpoint, vos belles nippes
M'avertissent sans dire mot
Que le même brasier qui lui rôtit les tripes
Fait aussi bouillir votre pot.
Vos attraits dans la nonchalance
L'engagent à votre dépense;
Ce sont à son gousset des écueils et des bancs,
Vous n'allez plus branler en ville,
Et parer ton crane de rubans
Pour mieux attraper l'imbécile.
Que je le plains le pauvre drille,
Qu'il en aura regret un jour,
S'il n'en verse des pleurs, qu'un double aze me quille.
Et s'il ne dit brin de l'amour
Après un long apprentissage
Rendu plus savant et plus sage,
Il dira des putains qu'elles sont une mer,
Où sans espoir, ni sans ressource
Le badant se voit abîmer,
Ou du moins écumer sa bourse.

Ce jeune chien qui suit la leurre
En s'acharnant sur votre sein,
A qui vous promettez du beurre,
Plus que lui, comme on dit, ne vous promet du pain,
Ne fera pas belle grimace
Quand un autre obtiendra sa place.
Soit qu'il ait plus de mine, ou soit meilleur oison,
Et que feignant l'âme contrite,
Lui défendrez votre maison,
Et ferez prendre la guérite.
Gars de bonne conscience,
Vous savez bien ce que je dis,
Je prévois son malheur par mon expérience,
Ainsi fus tu traité jadis,
Mais rebutté d'un tel outrage
Échappé comme d'un naufrage.
Mes habits à Neptune ont été consacrés,
Si vous allez dedans son temple,
En les voyant vous connaîtrez
Combien mon repentir est ample.

Wilhelm von Ramler's "An die Pyrrha" is a good specimen of a German rendering, in which an attempt is made to reproduce the rather complicated metre of the original.

Welchen Jüngling, von Wuchs schlank, und von köstlichen
Salben duftend, empfängt, Pyrrha, dein Rosenbett
In der dämmernden Grotte?
Für wen knüpfst du dein gold'nes Haar,

Kunstlos reizend im Schmuck? — Ach, wie bald seufzt auch er,

Wann sein Himmel sich schwärzt! sieht mit erstauntem Blick
Die von tobenden Stürmen
Aufgeschwollene Meeresfluth!

Er, der fahrlos dem holdseligen Lächeln traut,
Immer offenes Arms, immer dich liebevoll
Hofft, der trieglichen Winde
Noch nicht kundig. O wehe dem,

Den dein blendender Schein, eh' er dich kennt, verlockt! —
An der heiligen Wand sagt mein geweihtes Schild,
Auch ich habe dem Meergott
Nasse Kleidungen aufgehängt.

Simplex munditiis in the fifth line has always been a stumbling-block. Sir Theodore Martin's idea of the phrase is "arrayed with simple elegance." Conington rendered it "so trim, so simple." Horneck gave it "artless and clean." "Father Prout," "simple in thy neatness." Thomas Hood, "in cunning carelessness." Leigh Hunt, "with unconcern so exquisite." Sir Stephen De Vere, "in simple neatness artlessly arrayed."

Lord Lytton says that he "cannot pretend to attempt any rhymeless version of this ode in juxtaposition with Milton's famous translation," in which he then points out two very bad lines and declares "all minor defects are

amply compensated by the masterly closeness and elegance of the general version."

Herrick, in his lines on "What Kind of Mistress He Would Have," says: —

> Be she showing in her dress
> Like a civil wilderness,
> That the curious may detect
> Order in a sweet neglect.

This in turn suggests Anacreon's matchless description of his mistress, when giving his painter directions how to portray her image: —

> Thy pencil, best of artists, take,
> The portrait I describe, to make:
> Paint, master of the Rhodian art,
> The absent mistress of my heart.
> To copy first her tresses try,
> Of silky touch, and sable dye:
> And, if thy wax possess the power,
> Let them the sweetest fragrance shower.
> Beneath her hair, of ebon hue,
> An ivory forehead let me view!
> Her eyebrows you must not divide,
> Nor must their juncture be descried;
> But let the space that lies between,
> As in her face, be scarcely seen.
> Her eyes' round fringe exhibit dark,
> And steal from fire their radiant spark;
> In colour like Minerva's blue,
> With Cytherea's tend'rest hue.
> To show her matchless cheeks and nose,
> Mingle with milk the damask rose.

Her lip ! Persuasion paint for this,
Inviting an ecstatic kiss.
Beneath her chin, her snowy neck
Let all the sportive Graces deck :
And let her tender limbs be drest
In a translucent, violet vest,
Which, while it slightly veils her skin,
The whole discloses from within.
Enough ! my girl herself I see ;
Soon, wax, like her, you 'll talk to me !

ODE VI

TO AGRIPPA

M. Vipsanius Agrippa, in whose praise Horace wrote this ode, was the son-in-law of Augustus, "who was his colleague in the consulate, in the office of a tribune, and in the censorship." He was one of the greatest Roman generals, and the "best admiral of his time." Augustus, in recompense for his great services, made him his son-in-law by giving him Julia, his only daughter, the widow of young Marcellus, in marriage. "He got great honour by two sea-fights, in which he defeated two of Pompey's fleets, — the first commanded by one of Pompey's lieutenants, and the other commanded by Pompey himself; but he gained still greater honour at the battle of Actium, where his good conduct was almost the sole cause of the victory." He died in 12 B. C. at the age of fifty-two. It is interesting to note

the utter lack of servility on the part of Horace in paying homage to this great warrior.

The version opposite the Latin of Ode VI is by Captain Sir Richard Steele, of Lord Lucas's regiment of Foot. He was better known as "Dick" Steele, the founder of *The Tattler*, "in honour," he said, "of the Fair Sex," and the author of the immortal epigram to the Lady Elizabeth Hastings —

To love her was a liberal education.

Steele's version was dedicated to the Duke of Marlborough. The only classic author for whom he seems to have cared in after life was Horace, with whom he shared a common taste for good wine and fair faces. It is said of him that he rallied folly with admirable good humour, rebuked vice with unvarying dignity, and earned for himself lasting gratitude by the chivalry and genuine respect with which, almost alone in his age, he spoke of women.

William E. Gladstone, writing from Hawarden Castle, September 10, 1894, thus indicated the difficulty of the task of an Horatian translator: "He should largely abridge the syllabic length of his Latin text; should carry compression to the farthest practicable point;

should severely limit his use of licentious and imperfect rhymes. . . . He should endeavour, with whatever changes of mere form, to preserve in all cases the sense and point of his author, and should sparingly allow the perilous but seductive doctrine of free translation. At the same time he must respect the genius of the English tongue and aim at the easy flow of his numbers." In his version of Ode VI Gladstone has given a practical illustration of his principle: —

Let Varius, bird of Homer's wing,
Thy might, thy fears, Agrippa, sing,
Each deed achieved by Roman hand,
When led by thee, on flood or land.

Achilles and his stubborn mood,
Or Pelops with that savage brood,
Or dark Ulysses o'er the sea,
To track is not for such as me.

Small themes, small men. My blush, the Muse
That sways the lyre of peace, refuse
Thy praise, and noble Cæsar's fame,
For scant of worthy gift, to maim.

Diomed, by Pallas taught to thrust
At gods, or Merion black with dust
Of Troy, or Mars in coat of mail,
To sing aright what bards avail?

No, me the feats, the war employs
Of maids (their nails well clipt) with boys;
Me fancy free; or something warm,
My playful muse does no one harm.

The words "Pelops with that savage brood" (sixth line) are expressive; they refer to the famous Pelops family, notorious for its many atrocious murders. Pelops murdered his father-in-law and his own son Chrysippus. Atreus, the son of Pelops, murdered and placed before their father as a meal the children of Thyestes his brother. Atreus was killed by Ægisthus, his nephew and supposed son. Agamemnon was murdered by Clytemnestra, and she by her son Orestes.

ODE VII

TO PLANCUS

Lucius Munatius Plancus, to whom this ode is addressed, held several important positions of trust under Augustus, by whom he was (probably for political purposes) more or less esteemed. He was engaged in Mark Antony's party, but left it and went over to that of Augustus. Lord Lytton says of him: "Those versatile times did not engender a more selfish renegade or a more ungrateful traitor. Estre, loath to grant that Horace condescended to immortalize this person, thinks that it was some other Plancus, possibly his son, designated as Munatius. Horace, however, in this ode, does not ascribe any virtues to the person addressed at variance with the general character of the successful renegade."

This ode was written about the time of Plancus' departure on a military expedition for Augustus, and Horace seems to have endea-

voured to cheer his compatriot by advising him to drown his cares in wine, after the example of Teucer, who was banished from his country by his father, Telamon, for neglecting to avenge the "affront put on his brother Ajax by the Grecian Princes, in giving Achilles' armour to Ulysses," at the siege of Troy.

Horace's famous country home at Tibur, about which so much has been written, is first mentioned in this ode. Between his villa on the Anio, at the foot of the Apennines, and his more retired Sabine farm, Horace passed most of his maturer years. A Turk, whose "Letters writ by a Spye at Paris" still retain their charm, thus advised a friend about to journey into Italy: "When thou art on the roads in Æpulia and Campania, when thou beholdest the beauties of the luxuriant soil, and thy smell is ravished with the fragrant odours of the hedges and adjoining groves, think on Elizium. . . . 'T was in that happy air that Horace penned his admirable poems."

The valley of Tempe in Thessaly (fourth line of text), between Mount Ossa and Mount Olympus, was always considered the most delightful part of Greece. A beautiful description of it by Ælin is to be found in the first

part of the third book of his "Various History."

Addison, in his "Remarks on several Parts of Italy," has delightfully painted the country, of which Horace has here given a short sketch: —

I was most pleased with a beautiful Prospect not mentioned by any Travellers, which lies at about a Mile's Distance from the Town. It opens on one Side into the Roman Campania, where the Eye loses itself on a wide spacious Plain. On the other Side is a more broken and interrupted Scene, made up of an infinite Variety of Inequalities and Shadowings, that naturally arise from an agreeable Mixture of Hills, Groves, and Valleys. But the most enlivening Part of all is the River Teverone, which you see at about a Quarter of a Mile's Distance, throwing itself down a Precipice, and falling by several Cascades from one Rock to another, till it gains the Bottom of the Valley, where the Sight of it would be quite lost, did it not sometimes discover itself through the Breakings and Interstices of the Woods that grow about it.

ODE VIII

TO LYDIA

THERE are four different odes by Horace addressed *Ad Lydiam*, three of which were probably intended for the same person. At the time this ode was written, Lydia was living with young Sybaris in relations which were at that time approved by the Roman law, although at Ode XIII we find her living with Telephus. Previous to his marriage, Sybaris had distinguished himself in manly games and exercises, and Horace reproaches Lydia for encouraging him in effeminacy, as he seems to have entirely neglected those sports.

Horace was unquestionably in love with Lydia (Ode XIII), and a spirit of jealousy is distinctly noticeable in this ode.

Achilles, the son of Thetis, — a goddess of the sea, — was disguised by his mother, under the habit of a woman, among the daughters

of Lycomedes, "and was called by the name of Pyrrha, lest he should be led to the Trojan war; it having been foretold that he would be slain there." It was also predicted that Troy could not be taken unless he was present, and Ulysses, in the guise of a peddler, artfully discovered his identity by his indiscreet display of a fondness for weapons of war. In Ovid (Met. XIII, 165 sqq.) Ulysses relates the story, and tells how he discovered Achilles and dragged him to the war. This story is finely illustrated by an admirable set of antique statues, formerly owned by the Cardinal de Polignac, of Paris, who communicated the following interesting account of them: —

There are eleven Statues to represent the Court of Lycomedes, King of Scyros. Ten of which (placed on Pedestals) are supposed to be present at the Arrival of Ulysses, disguised like a Pedlar, in order to discover Achilles. He holds under his Left Arm a Sort of a square Box with two Drawers, one of which seems to be open, and contains a great many Jewels. He fixes his Eyes on Achilles, dressed like a Girl, and discovers him by his having seized a Shield and Spear, which he prefers to the Ornaments of Women. The Queen of Scyros is distinguished by a Diadem in her Hair, and a Sceptre in her Right Hand; with her Left Hand she holds a Purse full of Money, designed for the Purchase of the Toys brought by Ulysses. We see the figure

of Pallas, bearing in a Lappet of her military robe Pyrrhus, whose Education had been committed to her. Every one of the Queen's Daughters, in different attitudes, holds in her Hand either a Looking-glass, or a Ring, or a Medal, or a Case for Rings, which they have purchased. The most striking Figure of them leans on a Stump of a Tree, — is distinguished by a fine and light Drapery, with a Diadem interwoven in her Head-dress, and holds a Bracelet in her Right Hand. This is thought to be Deidamia, that Daughter of Lycomedes of whom Achilles was enamoured.

Lord Holland's imitation of this ode, addressed to Lady Sarah Bunbury, interestingly reproduces the spirit of the original. Writing from Naples, March 17, 1767, to George A. Selwyn, M. P. ("The Antiquary," Vol. I, page 197), he observed: —

As soon as I read in the news of Lord Carlisle's arrival in England, the ode in Horace beginning *Lydia, dic per omnes* came into my head. I send you my imitation of it. Pray show it to Mr. Walpole.

The Reverend Francis Mahoney's spirited translation here follows as a contrast to Lord Holland's imitation. Mahoney was better known as "Father Prout"; he was born in Cork in 1804. He was for two years Rome correspondent of the "Daily News," at that time edited by his friend Charles Dickens.

He was a man of brilliant scholarship, gifted with genuine Horatian spirit and irrepressible Irish humour. He wrote with facility in Latin, Greek, French, and Italian: —

Enchanting Lydia! prithee,
By all the gods that see thee,
Pray tell me this: must Sybaris
Perish, enamoured with thee?
Lo! wrapt as in a trance, he
Whose hardy youth could fancy
Each manly feat, dreads dust and heat,
All through thy necromancy!

Why rides he never, tell us,
Accoutred like his fellows,
For curb and whip, and horsemanship,
And martial bearing zealous?
Why hangs he back, demurrent
To breast the Tiber's current,
From wrestlers' oil, as from the coil
Of poisonous snake, abhorrent?

No more with iron rigour
Rude armour-marks disfigure
His pliant limbs, but languor dims
His eye and wastes his vigour.
Gone is the youth's ambition
To give the lance emission,
Or hurl adroit the circling quoit
In gallant competition.

And his embowered retreat is
Like where the Son of Thetis
Lurked undivulged, while he indulged
A mother's soft entreaties,
Robed as a Grecian girl,
Lest soldier-like apparel
Might raise a flame, and his kindling frame
Through the ranks of slaughter whirl.

ODE IX

TO THALIARCHUS

The poet here gives an exquisitely complete sketch of an afternoon at the hunting-box of a young Roman whose guest he probably was at the time. It was a delightful situation. In front, the windows commanded a distant view of the Mediterranean. To the right could be seen the summit of Mount Soracte, and to the left a small cypress grove, backed by the stately Apennines. The old Falernian had circulated freely; but Horace's host was suffering from mental depression. Something had gone wrong. He may have had a run of heavy losses at play; he may have been unfortunate in some little *affaire du cœur*, or the young man may have been of a political turn of mind and thwarted in forming some party combination which he had wished. The poet, we may suppose, had tried quip and joke to rouse his friend, but in vain. At last he

rises, and walking to the window, points in the direction of the snow-clad summit, —

See how the winter blanches
Soracte's giant brow !
Hear how the forest branches
Groan for the weight of snow.

Enjoy without foreboding
Life as the moments run ;
Away with care corroding,
Youth of my soul, nor shun
Love for whose smile thou 'rt suited,
And 'mid the dancers foot it.

Many centuries before, Anacreon sang, —

To-day is ours ; what do we fear ?
To-day is ours : we have it here.
Let 's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish at least with us to stay.
Let 's banish business, banish sorrow !
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

This charming lyric has naturally appealed with especial force to the lovers of Horace, and no other has had more translators. The list contains many famous names.

The text is accompanied by the version of Sir Stephen E. De Vere. Dryden's exquisite paraphrase follows : —

Behold yon Mountain's hoary height,
Made higher with new Mounts of Snow ;

Again behold the Winter's weight
Oppress the lab'ring Woods below:
And Streams with Icy Fetters bound,
Benumb'd and crampt to solid Ground.

With well heap'd Logs dissolve the Cold,
And feed the genial heat with Fires;
Produce the Wine, that makes us bold,
And sprightly Wit and Love inspires;
For what hereafter shall betide,
God, if 't is worth his Care, provide.

Let Him alone with what He made,
To toss and turn the World below;
At His Command the Storms invade;
The Winds by his Commission blow;
Till with a Nod He bids 'em cease,
And then the Calm returns, and all is Peace.

To-morrow and her Works defy,
Lay hold upon the present Hour,
And snatch the Pleasures passing by,
To put them out of Fortune's Pow'r:
Nor Love, nor Love's Delights disdain.
Whate'er thou gett'st To-day is Gain.

Secure those Golden early Joys,
That Youth unshow'r'd with sorrow bears,
Ere with'ring Time the taste destroys,
With Sickness and unwieldy Years!
For active Sports, for pleasing Rest,
This is the time to be possest,
The Best is but in Season best.

The 'pointed Hour of promis'd Bliss,
The pleasing Whisper in the Dark,

The half unwilling willing Kiss,
That Laugh that guides thee to the Mark,
When the kind Nymph wou'd Coyness feign,
And hides but to be found again,
These, these are Joys the Gods for Youth ordain.

William Congreve (1670–1729), the noted English dramatist, whose "comedies show a wit more brilliant than decorous," and whose predilections were, even for the free and easy morality of his day, notoriously over-indulged, was at his best on this theme. He thus renders the last three stanzas: —

Seek not to know to-morrow's Doom;
That is in ours which is to come.
The present Moment 's all our store:
The next, shou'd Heav'n allow,
Than this will be no more:
So all our Life is but one Instant Now.
Look on each Day you 've past
To be a mighty Treasure won:
And lay each Moment out in haste;
We 're sure to live too fast,
And cannot live too soon.
Youth doth a thousand Pleasures bring,
Which from decrepit Age will fly;
Sweets that wanton i' th' Bosom of the Spring,
In Winter's cold Embraces dye.
Now, Love, that everlasting Boy, invites
To revel, while we may, in soft Delights:
Now, the kind Nymph yields all her Charms,
Nor yields in vain to youthful Arms.
Slowly she promises at Night to meet,

But eagerly prevents the Hour with swifter Feet.
To gloomy Groves and obscure Shades she flies,
There vails the bright Confession of her Eyes.
Unwillingly she stays,
Would more unwillingly depart,
And in soft Sighs conveys
The Whispers of her Heart.
Still she invites and still denies
And vows she 'll leave you if you 're rude;
Then from her lover's arms she flies,
But flies to be pursu'd.
If from his Sight she does her self convey,
With a feign'd Laugh she will her self betray,
And cunningly instruct him in the way.

The hero of "Childe Harold," who was Byron himself scarcely disguised, stood upon Soracte's brow and took his famous farewell of Horace. The passage is found in Canto IV, section 77, of that poem, and is couched in these words: —

Then farewell, Horace; whom I hated so,
Not for thy faults, but mine; it is a curse
To understand, not feel, thy lyric flow,
To comprehend, but never love thy verse;
Although no deeper Moralist rehearse
Our little life, nor Bard prescribe his art,
Nor livelier satirist the conscience pierce,
Awakening without wounding the touched heart,
Yet fare thee well! Upon Soracte's ridge we part.

In wood-notes wild, a Scotch poet thus renders the first two stanzas of this ode: —

See hoo Soracte's hoary heid
Stands gleaming white wi' driftit snaw,
While forest trees, wi' stentit boughs,
Uneithly bear their load ava;
An' burns, that oft in summer time
Hae swirled in wimplin eddies clear,
A' hushed to eerie silence, noo
In gloom deplore the dying year!
But pile the fire
Wi' faggots higher,
And bring the wine four towmonths auld;
While sang and mirth
Ring round the hearth,
Wha cares a plack for frost and cauld?

There is good reason to believe that ex-President James Buchanan, living in retirement at Wheatlands, near Lancaster, Pennsylvania, made some experiments in metrical translation. When his library was dispersed, a fine old edition of Von Ramler's German version of the Odes of Horace drifted into a second-hand bookstore in Lancaster. Pencilled notes on the fly-leaves and margins indicate that Mr. Buchanan indulged in his later years in the study of the Statesman's Poet. These lines are written over Ode IX:—

See, on Soracte's snowy steep,
Beneath their burdens bending deep
The trees; shut in an icy vault,
Lo, how the labouring rivers halt!

Tommaso Gargallo, the Italian poet, published at Naples, in 1820, a four-volume translation of Horace. His rendering of the Soracte Ode may be compared with the original Latin, showing the changes that eighteen hundred years have made in the language of Italy.

Vedi tu di neve in copia
Il Soratte omai canuto,
Vedi come crollan gli alberi
Sotto al peso; e 'l gelo acuto
Come ai fiumi trà le sponde
Fa indurar le liquid' onde.

Sciogli 'l freddo, con man prodiga
Rifornendo, O Taliarco,
Legni al foco; e più del solito
A spillar non esser parco
Da orrechiuto orcio Sabino,
Di quattr' anni 'l pretto vino.

Sien del resto i numi gli arbitri
Ch' ove avran d' Austro e di Borea
Abbattuto il fervid impeto
Per la vasta arena equorea,
Ne i cupressi urto nemico
Scuoterà, ne l' orno antico.

Ciò indagar fuggi sollecito
Che avvenir doman dovrà;
Giugni a lucro il dì che reduce
La Fortuna a te darà,

Ne sprezzar ne' tuoi fresc' anni
Le carole e dolci affanni.

Sin che lunga da te vegeto
Sta canuta età importuna
Campi e piazze ti riveggano;
E fidele quando imbruna
T' abbia l' ora che ti appella
A ronzar con la tua bella.

Or' è caro quel sorridere
Scopitror della fanciulla
Che in un angolo internandosi
A celarsi si trastulla,
Ed al finto suo ritegno
Tra d' armilla o anello il pegno.

ODE X

TO MERCURY

HORACE here ascribes the invention of the harp to Mercury, — the son of Jupiter and Maia, — although it is usually attributed to Apollo. The story is, that Mercury having been discovered in the theft of some of Apollo's cattle, was obliged, in order to obtain pardon, to yield to Apollo the distinction of being known as the inventor of the harp.

Lord Lytton's version of this ode faces the text. His comment on the original is in part as follows: —

> Mercury steals the kine from Apollo, he steals Priam through the Grecian camp, he steals souls through the passage between earth and Hades, — all with a union of guarded secrecy and imperturbable serenity, which, throughout the more playful attributes of Hermes, imply the grandeur and inspire the awe that characterize a supernatural being. No deity can be more exclusively Greek in this combination of open joyousness and mystic power.

ODE XI

TO LEUCONOË

How many Years I 've pass'd, my Friends,
I know — and there my knowledge ends!
How many Years are still in Store,
Whether fewer they, or more,
I neither would nor can explore!
What time Death takes each Trav'ler in
Is hidden, sacred and unseen:
Well, then, since all things doubtful are,
And there are gods we know not where,
Fill up the Bowl, we 'll dance and sing,
'T is Nature does true Knowledge bring.
And thus, my Friends, we 'll Joys receive,
And thus we 'll find the way to Live.

ANACREON, B. C. 532.

LEUCONOË was a lady for whom Horace entertained an affectionate and honourable regard. She seems to have occupied an acceptable position in society, and enjoyed many of life's comforts. There were many astrologers in Horace's time, and Leuconoë was accustomed to seek the advice of Chaldæan fortune-

tellers, as Cicero called them. Horace exposes the absurdity of such occult wisdom, and entreats his friend to employ her time in the enjoyment of life, rather than in curiously inquiring when it will terminate. "Do not consult the astrologers, Leuconoë," he says; "it is better to enjoy the present and allow the future to take care of itself."

Lord Lytton thus comments on the astrological allusion in the second line: —

The desire to solve the doubts by which man is beset in the present, will, perhaps, so long as the world lasts, give an audience to those who pretend to divine the future; and of all modes of divination, astrology has been, from time immemorial, the most imposing, because it arrogates the rank of science, and asserts that it bases its predictions upon deductions from a vast accumulation of facts. Rome, of course, abounded in astrologers, who called themselves Chaldæans, and were probably as much Chaldæans as the Gypsies of Norwood are Bohemians or Indians. Horace gives his fair friend a brief admonition, which, in proof of the common sense that keeps him always modern, might be equally given to ladies, and even to the ruder sex, in our own day. For wherever we travel in England or Europe, it is rare to find a town, however deficient in books, in which a prophetic astrological almanac may not be seen in the shop-windows.

Macleane observes that "the swarms of impostors from the East" became such a public

nuisance in Rome that laws were enacted against them.

Sir Thomas Hawkins's version of this ode, published in 1625, is placed opposite the Latin text. With similar intent, as admirably representing the original, it is printed in the Franklin Square Edition of Selected Translations, published by Harper Brothers, and also in the Chandos Classic Edition. This may be compared with the smooth flowing version by Charles Stuart Calverley, called "the prince of parodists." His "Verses and Translations" appeared in 1862: —

Seek not, for thou shalt not find it, what my end,
what thine shall be;
Ask not of Chaldæa's science what God wills, Leuconoë;
Better far, what comes, to bear it. Haply many a
wintry blast
Waits thee still; and this, it may be, Jove ordains
to be thy last,
Which flings now the flagging sea-wave on the obstinate sandstone reef.
Be thou wise: fill up the wine-cup; shortening, since
the time is brief,
Hopes that reach into the future, while I speak,
hath stolen away
Jealous Time! Mistrust to-morrow. Catch the
blossom of to-day!

The last four lines are aptly rendered by Sir Stephen E. De Vere: —

> Fill high the goblet! Envious Time
> Steals, as we speak, our fleeting prime.
> Away with hope! Away with sorrow!
> Snatch thou To-day, nor trust To-morrow.

The Epicurean philosophy embodied in the final couplet is found almost universally in all literatures. It has been sung in all tongues by the poets of pessimism; and nowhere is it more significantly put forward than in that mysterious book of Koheleth, known as Ecclesiastes. The melancholy thought is peculiarly effective in the grave and solemn Hebrew, which, as Longfellow points out, has no present tense: "while we are speaking the word it is already the past;" or as Boileau puts it: —

> Le moment où je parle est déjà loin de moi.

In the same spirit Omar Khayyám says, in the graceful paraphrase of Edward FitzGerald: —

> The Bird of Time has but a little way
> To flutter, and the Bird is on the wing.

From the same thought Abraham Cowley derives a lofty moral lesson, which he em-

bodies in his essay on the Shortness of Life. Referring to this ode he says: —

Horace advises very wisely, and in excellent good words, —

—— spatio brevi
spem longam reseces; —

from a short life cut off all hopes that grow too long. They must be pruned away like suckers that choke the mother plant, and hinder it from bearing fruit.

ODE XII

TO AUGUSTUS

OR THE PRAISES OF GODS AND MEN

HORACE here imitates the second Olympic of Pindar —

> Ye harp-inspiring hymns,
> What God, what Hero, or what Man
> Shall we deliver down to fame?

But changing the order he renders it — according to Dacier, "much more appropriately," —

> What man, what hero, or what god.

This ode is conspicuous for its beauty of diction. A curious old commentary, printed in London, 1743, is of great value in analyzing the poem: —

> Horace, in this curious Ode, undertakes to sing of Gods, Heroes, and Men. The Gods are Jupiter and his offspring. After this pompous Beginning, he comes to the Heroes, whom he places in due Order, and confines himself to those of the Roman

Nation; the Emperors first, then the great Men of the Republic, each distinguished by particular Marks; then a Panegyric on the living Heroes close the whole Piece. We see here two Things that we seldom meet with together, an exact Method and a great Variety. This is only a plain enumeration, but the Execution of it is so well set off, that it has nothing tedious in it. The Apostrophes, the Interrogations, the Metaphors, the Comparisons, the Descriptions, the Images; in fine all the rich Ornaments of Eloquence and Poetry are intermixed with so much Art, that the methodical Connection of Persons and of Facts disappears under these fine Ornaments with which it is cloathed. But that which shews particularly the great Skill of the Poet, and what gives the greatest beauty to his Poem, is the Manner in which he has conducted the Whole to answer his Purpose. His Design is to Praise a young prince, who is the Darling of the Emperor, and Hope of the whole Empire. He could not find in him as yet, either those warlike Achievements that surprise by their Noise, or those shining Actions, the brightness whereof dazzles the Eyes; indeed the fine Qualities with which he was adorn'd, gave ground to hope all this; but are Conjectures sufficient of themselves to furnish out handsomely an Heroic Ode? No. What does Horace then? He borrows from Fable and from History, shining Strokes to embellish his Subject, and raise it to the Majesty of lyric Poetry. He does more, he's obliged at the same time to flatter Augustus, and not offend his nice taste; he was obliged to praise Marcellus, and it was dangerous to praise him too much.

It is said of Orpheus (line 8) that his music was so beautiful and enchanting as to tame even the most savage beasts, and set the woods and rocks in motion —

> Orpheus with his lute made trees,
> And the mountain tops that freeze,
> Bow themselves when he did sing:
> To his music plants and flowers
> Ever sprung; as sun and showers
> There had made a lasting spring.

Leda (25th line) was the wife of Tyndarus, and the mother of Castor and Pollux, "the one famous for combat on horseback, the other in that on foot. The star which went by their names, if it appeared single to the Mariners, always portended an approaching Storm; but if double, presaged a Calm."

In the 35th line of the text Horace refers to Tarquin, the fifth King of Rome, who subjugated Tuscany and brought back "the Rods which are the Ensigns of Sovereignty, and also the use of Rings, Ivory Chairs, Purple Robes, and a great many other things that raised the Splendour of the Empire." In the closing lines Horace manifests a remarkable stroke of genius, when, after enumerating nearly all of the most exalted personages in the History of the Roman Empire, he says: —

But the star of Cæsar outshines all the rest, as much as the Moon does the lesser lights of the night.

The "Dublin University Magazine" printed in 1843–44 a series of spirited translations from Horace. One of the best of them was by William Dowe, and this has been selected to face the text of this stately ode.

Christopher Pitt translated it about 1737; he thus rendered one of the most famous stanzas:—

> Like trees, Marcellus' glory grows
> With an insensible advance;
> The Julian star, like Cynthia, glows,
> Who leads the planetary dance.

In the forty-ninth line of the text, the poet alludes to the blazing star, or comet, which appeared soon after the death of Julius Cæsar. Notice is taken of it by Seneca (Nat. Lib. VIII, c. 17); Suetonius (in Julius Cæsar), c. 88; Plutarch (in Cæsar), and Pliny (Nat. Hist. Lib. II, c. 24). Pliny gives an account of it in Augustus' own words: "On those very days, when I was exhibiting some games to the people (begun about Sept. 26), a comet appeared for seven days and was seen in the northern part of the heavens. It rose about the eleventh hour of the day; it was a

remarkable one, and visible all over the world. The common people believed that it signified the reception of the soul of Cæsar into the number of the immortal Gods. On which account the image of this star was added to the statue representing Cæsar's head, which we a while after consecrated in the forum." Vergil also speaks of this star in his ninth Eclogue:

Ecce Dionaei processit Caesaris astrum.

Augustus wore a star graven on his helmet at the sea-fight of Actium; to which Vergil also alludes in these lines: —

Geminas cui tempora flammas
Laeta vomunt, patriumque aperitur vertice sidus.
AEN. VIII, 680.

which Dryden translated: —

His beamy Temples shot their Flames afar,
And o'er his head is hung the Julian Star.

According to the account of historians, a similar comet was seen in the fifth year of the Emperor Justinian, A. D. 531 or 532. As the death of Julius Cæsar happened 44 years before Christ, this, added to the 531, gives 575 years. Again a like comet appeared in the reign of King Henry I, in the year 1106, and lastly in the year 1681. If this was one

and the same comet, its periodical revolution takes up about 575 years; and consequently it is not to be expected again until the year 2256.

This sublime ode was imitated by Lieutenant-Colonel Parke while serving under Washington during the American Revolution, Washington being substituted for Augustus. Colonel Parke's work was dedicated to the illustrious Washington in these words: —

> May you long live to enjoy the fruits of a glorious peace, and the sweets of domestic retirement! May no future wars or civil convulsions disturb that tranquillity which your sword hath purchased, not only for yourself, but for all your fellow-citizens. Like Mæcenas, may you be the patron of arts and sciences, and the promoter of all works of genius.

His imitation was addressed to the Illustrious Order of the Cincinnati, and is filled with patriotic zeal: —

What Deity employs the Muse's lore?
What man or hero fills this ample round?
Whose name shall sportive echo's voice resound
Along the Delaware's loud-sounding shore?
Or to the banks of Mississippi's flood:
Or desert Allegany's hostile wave;
Or, where St. Lawrence' lake-swol'n torrents lave
The earth yet crimson'd with Columbia's blood.
'T was there trepan'd by British arts,
Montgom'ry drew his latest breath,

'T was there, transfixed, — a thousand hearts, —
The sons of freedom bow'd to naught but death.
Fast by his side on Abr'am's plain,
Macpherson, gallant youth, was slain:
While the grim battle rag'd from shore to shore
And headlong Montmorenci heard the roar.

Nor wings the Muse o'er Schuylkill's oozy bed,
Soft, rural scenes, by nature amply blest!
Whose banks, with gayest verdure drest,
Invite the wearied swain to rest: —
While zephyrs shed
Their airy fragrance o'er his head.

The mighty theme deserves applause! —
Begin, celestial maid, attune each string.
In sacred hallelujahs sing
The glorious attributes of Heav'n's high king;
From whose sole nod, eternal beings spring, —
The great, the good, omnipotent First Cause.

And what can more adorn the poet's lays;
What more deserve the tribute of his praise —
Than sov'reign Jove?
Who rules, supremely rules the realms above;
Ancient of days!

Then what more great, than greatness' self can be?
The blessed Son and Holy Ghost, — to thee
Are join'd in everlasting unity.
Who, then, or bliss or pow'r — the most
In Heav'n's high dome maintains? —
Nor Father, Son, or Holy Ghost:
This mighty one in three,
This ever glorious Trinity,
An equal rule sustains.

And next to thee, Redeemer of mankind!
In war, as Judah's lion, deadly fierce;
Accept the off'ring of my humble verse,
And may it, as my soul, a sanction find.
When light'nings glance from Heav'n's high sphere,
And pealing thunders speak thee, — near;
When earthquakes shake the solid frame,
When desolating whirlwinds roar;
When deep volcanoes vomit flame: —
Struck with thy glory, — pale with death-like fear,
We fall before thee, — tremble and adore.

And such thy puissance — Holy Essence, too!
Such dread events thy mightiness pursue!
From Heav'n's bright citadels on high
On wings of rapid storms you fly:
Or, if thou list, will bid the wind
To earth's dark caverns be confin'd,
Thou bidst old ocean rage no more,
Nor dash his billows on the trembling shore: —
The winds obey, the tempests cease,
And troubled nature is again at peace.

Dread cadence! — what vain mortal can,
Or bard presumptuous scan,
Concatenation vast — 'twixt God and man?
Too low, alas! my song!
Th' aspiring Muse, alas! too weak
Thy praise to speak,
And in my notes, thy glories to prolong.

Let sons of learning, patriots, kings,
And heroes of immortal name,
To grace my song appear;
Whose virtues, to resounding fame,

For ages shall be dear.
And thus the Muse, untutor'd, sings!—

Louis, all hail! adorn my lays!
Protector of the human race!
Antonietta's countless charms
Shall fill with rich reward her sov'reign's arms.
See Prussia's monarch, worn with age,
Now tott'ring on life's utmost stage;
Fatigu'd with fame, impatient to be gone,
And leave the world to glorious Bourbon.

Next, Warren, would I chaunt your name;
But dirges sad embitter ev'ry tone:
On Charlestown's heights, you snatch'd the wreath
of fame
And 'mid its blazing ruins, met your own.
Gard'ner was there and with you vied,
But in the noble conflict died.
Here stops the Muse, as doubtful whom to sing,
A virtuous Congress or a tyrant King.
Randolph and Hancock's worth my lays engage,
Who nobly check'd the British Tarquin's rage;
While chains and gaols in vain controul
The patriotic Lovel's soul;
Now loos'd from his fetters, restored to our realm,
He shines in our councils, and sits at the helm.

Thy fate, O Mercer! claims a tear;
The fall of Nash and Harkimer:
De Kalb, still foremost in the strife!
Pulaski, prodigal of life!
Crimson'd with wounds — untaught to yield,
Dies, 'mid the carnage of Savanna's field.

Next sing, my Muse, that brave commander,
Stirling, Cæsaria's Alexander!
Expert in arms, he led the battle,
Foremost, where thund'ring cannons rattle.
'Till worn with age, with warfare tir'd,
In peace the vet'ran chief expir'd.

Rough hardships brought a Morgan forth,
Unus'd to ease, — a foe to sloth:
With hair undress'd he, through the wood,
The tawny band pursu'd
And slew those Indian fiends inur'd to blood.
When on our shores the lion roar'd,
The British savage felt his vengeful sword;
First humbly crouch'd, then left the plain,
To Morgan, Victory and Wayne.

Like to a youthful tree unseen,
That grows insensibly, and to the eye,
Its spreading shoots displays on high, —
Such is illustrious Greene.
While, as the silver queen of night,
Superior to each feebler light;
Radiantly beaming from afar,
Resplendent shines VIRGINIA'S star.

Sun, moon, and stars shall honour as they run,
O Cincinnatus! thy distinguish'd son:
While all thy votaries, from age to age,
Will praise the hero and admire the sage.

Almighty Parent, Guardian of our race,
Smile on our councils, with benignant face;
Next to thy own, O let our empire rise
The greatest, best, beneath thy vaulted skies.

Whether the Briton, warlike in the field,
Or treach'rous Indian to our prowess yield;
Beneath thy arm, O let us sway!
And mighty nations willingly obey.
Thou on thy azure throne of light
Shalt sinful mortals' souls affright.
Around thy vengeful bolts be hurl'd,
While thy dread chariot shakes a guilty world!

ODE XIII

TO LYDIA

HORACE appears to have had some difference with Lydia, who out of revenge tells of her love for Telephus. Horace, provoked at this avowal, seeks to turn her against her lover by recounting his shortcomings. Being unsuccessful in this, he makes a new engagement with Chloë, which in turn arouses Lydia's spirit of jealousy; and by this clever artifice, he succeeds in patching up a reconciliation with her.

Lydia's lips must have been scarred by teeth imprints, as Horace says, according to one translator: —

I am filled with indignation and jealousy when that rude young lover with his teeth makes a mark on your lips that will not soon wear off. Believe me, Lydia, you have no reason to expect that he will prove constant to you, who could so brutally wound a mouth which Venus hath perfumed with her purest nectar.

It is interesting to study the declension of a character of this kind. A few lines of the 25th Ode (supposed to have been written a few years later), turned into prose, may be given here —

The rude young rakes are not now so frequently battering your windows with redoubled strokes; they suffer you to sleep on without any disturbance; and your gate, which formerly opened with the greatest ease, is now almost continually shut. You very rarely hear now this complaint: "Ah, cruel Lydia, while I, your lover, languish at your gate all the night long, you enjoy your soft repose."

Sir William Temple, whose version is printed opposite the Latin, was an interesting character, as well as the patron of the young man who became Dean Swift.

Lines 17 and 18 may be construed as an apostrophe to conjugal happiness, —

Felices ter et amplius
quos inrupta tenet copula.

Thrice happy, ay, more than thrice happy, they
Whom one soft bond unbroken binds together.

Anacreon says in his 98th Ode, —

Real joys fond lovers prove,
When they feel a mutual love.

This is undoubtedly one of the sincerest expressions of feeling to which Horace ever committed himself.

Thomas Moore, whose married life was an idyll of happiness, paraphrased a part of this poem as follows: —

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth
It is this, it is this!

Sir Theodore Martin's translation of the beautiful ode by Catullus to Calvus, on the death of his wife Quinctilia, is suggested: —

Calvus, if those now silent in the Tomb
Can feel the touch of pleasure in our tears,
For those we loved that perish'd in their bloom,
And the departed friends of former years;
O, then, full surely thy Quinctilia's woe
For the untimely fate that bade ye part,
Will fade before the bliss she feels to know
How very dear she is unto thy heart!

The immortal Addison thus paraphrased this ode: —

While Telephus's youthful Charms,
His rosy Neck and winding Arms,
With Endless Rapture you recite,
And in the tender Name delight;
My Heart enraged by jealous Heats,
With numberless Resentments beats;

From my pale Cheek the Color flies,
And all the Man within me dies:
By fits my swelling Grief appears
In rising Sighs and falling Tears,
That show too well the warm Desires,
The silent, slow, consuming Fires,
That on my inmost Vitals prey,
And melt my very Soul away.

The following is an extract from an old French burlesque (Paris, 1653) of this poem, which sparkles with humour: —

Puisqu'il faut que je vous le die,
J'enrage de bon cœur, Lydie,
Quand Télèphe est auprès de vous,
Quand je le vois sur vos genoux,
Quand vous peignez ses cadenettes,
Quand vous lui maniez les bras,
Quand vous ajustez ses manchettes,
Et qu'il farfouille votre bas.
Mort-tête, ma bile s'enflamme,
J'étouffe, et je crève dans l'âme,
Je change cent fois de couleur;
Mes soupirs marquent ma douleur;
Je pleure comme un veau qu'on sèvre;
L'amour me dévore au dedans,
Presque à tous coups je prends la chèvre,
Et pour rien je grince les dents.
Mais le grand diable est bien aux vaches
Quand Télèphe avec ses moustaches
Fourbit votre groin délicat,
Alors le cœur au sein me bat;
Mais plus encor je m'effarouche
Quand il vous embrasse si fort,

Et pèse tant sur votre bouche,
Qu'on ne sait s'il baise ou s'il mord.
N'espérez pas, âme volage,
D'arrêter toujours son courage,
Un jour vous le verrez changer,
Puisqu'il est jeune, il est léger.

. . . . . .

Quittez avant que l'on vous quitte,
Choisissez un galant d'élite
Qui ne soit ladre ni punais,
Qui ne vous délaisse jamais.

ODE XIV

TO THE STATE

Some of the best authorities disagree as to the date, title, and purpose of this ode. One commentator says the ship referred to was the one that brought him (Horace) from Philippi to Italy after the defeat of Brutus, in which those who accompanied him home were to return again to Philippi, while another authority takes the year 29 B. C. as the date of this lyric. This was many years after Horace's return, and therefore could not be construed to refer to the return voyage of those who accompanied him on his home-coming. Lord Lytton's remarks are interesting: —

All or most critics nowadays are agreed that it is a political allegory, and not, as Grævius, Bentley, and others contended, an address to the actual ship that brought Horace from Philippi, and in which his friends were about to re-embark. Quinctilian illustrates the meaning of the word "allegory" by a reference to the ode, and the ode itself is an imitation

of an allegorical poem by Alcæus on the political troubles of Mitylene, of which a fragment is extant. Quinctilian's interpretation of the allegory, though still popularly received, — viz., that the ship means the Commonwealth or Republic, — is not without eminent disputants ; and unless there were more assured data as to the time in which the poem was written, and under what political circumstances, the dispute is not likely to be settled. The opinion advanced by Acron and supported with much force by Buttman is, that the poem is addressed, not to the Commonwealth, but to a remnant of the political party with which Horace had fought under Brutus, and in remonstrance against their launching once more into civil war under Sextus Pompeius.

Miss Helen Leah Reed, whose version of the Ode to Leuconoë compared favourably with those by older hands, furnishes also the excellent rendering of Horace's famous apostrophe to the Ship of State, facing the Latin text.

This ode undoubtedly suggested to Longfellow the apologue of his poem, "The Building of the Ship" : —

> Thou too sail on, O Ship of State,
> Sail on, O Union, strong and great !

Such a theme naturally appealed most powerfully to Gladstone, and his rendering is notably successful : —

Oh Ship! new billows sweep thee out
Seaward. What wilt thou? Hold the port, be
stout.
See'st not thy mast
How rent by stiff Southwestern blast?

Thy side, of rowers how forlorn?
Thine hull, with groaning yards, with rigging torn,
Can ill sustain
The fierce, and ever fiercer main;

Thy gods, no more than sails entire,
From whom yet once thy need might aid require,
Oh Pontic Pine,
The first of woodland stocks is thine,

Yet race and name are but as dust.
Not painted sterns give storm-tost seamen trust;
Unless thou dare
To be the sport of storms, beware.

Of old at best a weary weight,
A yearning care and constant strain of late.
O shun the seas
That gird those glittering Cyclades.

An interesting attempt to turn one of the more serious odes of Horace into French is shown in the De Goupy version of this poem as follows: —

Vaisseau chéri! que vas-tu faire?
Sur les mers te lancer encor?
Ah! ne reprends pas ton essor.
Que pourraient contre l'onde amère

Tes bancs dégarnis de rameurs,
Tes flancs battus par les orages ?
Sans mats, sans voiles, sans cordages,
Tu n'as plus tes dieux protecteurs !
Noble fils du Pont, ta naissance,
Ta poupe dorée et ton nom,
Crois-moi, du farouche Aquilon
Ne désarment pas la puissance.
Demeure, ou tu péris . . . Hélas !
Tu m'as fait verser bien des larmes ;
Et sur toi mes vives alarmes,
Cher navire, ne cessent pas.
Fuis du moins, fuis ces eaux perfides,
Cette mer, effroi des nochers,
Que les Cyclades homicides
Hérissent de brillants rochers.

ODE XV

THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS

THE FALL OF TROY

After Mark Antony had divorced Octavia, the sister of Augustus, and married Cleopatra, he aspired to the sovereignty of the whole world, and in this ode Horace, under a noble and poetic allegory, makes him sensible of his "foolish and base conduct" by setting before him the example of Paris, otherwise called Alexander, and leaves it to him to make the application, which is very manifest. Paris (*Pastor*, 1st line of the text) was a shepherd, and the son of Priam, king of Troy. He sailed to Greece, where he stole Helen, the wife of Menelaus, which was the occasion of the ten years' war against Troy, and the final destruction of that city. While Paris was returning home with his prize, Nereus meets him upon the high seas, and after imposing

an "ungrateful calm upon the winds," tells him: —

> Unhappy Youth, you carry home your prize in an unlucky time. Greece shall demand her from you with a powerful army; they have already sworn to dissolve this impious Union, and overthrow the ancient Kingdom of your Father Priam.
>
> You shall perish, Infamous Adulterer, tho' alas! too late to prevent the ruin of your Country.

Following out this prophecy, it is said that Ajax, "one of the swiftest footmen of his time, pursued and killed Paris while fleeing during the siege." Ajax was the brother of Teucer referred to in Ode VII. He afterwards committed suicide because Achilles' armour was given to Ulysses rather than to himself. This ode is usually treated as an allegory, Paris being Antony, and Helen Cleopatra.

Of Nereus, "the wise old man of the sea," Spenser says in "The Faerie Queene": —

> Thereto he was expert in prophecies
> And could the ledden of the Gods unfold;
> Through which, when Paris brought his famous prize
> The fair Tyndarid lass, he him foretold
> That her all Greece with many a champion bold
> Should fetch again, and finally destroy
> Proud Priam's town: so wise is Nereus old.

Homer (Iliad, Book VI, lines 290, *et seq.*) makes the route of Helen's elopement lie by way of Tyre and Sidon: when speaking of the beautiful robe of Hecuba he calls it: —

> The handwork
> Of Sidon's damsels, whom her son had brought —
> The godlike Alexander — from the coast
> Of Sidon, when across the mighty deep
> He sailed and brought the high-born Helen thence.

But that part of the itinerary was involuntary: a storm drove him to the Tyrian shore.

The lines —

> Nequicquam, Veneris praesidio ferox,
> pectes caesariem, grataque feminis
> imbelli cithara carmina divides —

are probably an imitation of two lines in the third book of the Iliad, which have been beautifully translated by Pope: —

> Thy graceful form, instilling soft desire,
> Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre,
> Beauty and youth, in vain to these you trust
> When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust.

Elizabeth Carter, whose version of this lyric faces the text, was one of the marvels of her day. She studied Latin, Greek, and Hebrew with her father, and, in 1738, when she was twenty-one, Dr. Johnson composed a Greek epigram in honour of her learning.

Her version compares favourably with that of Sir Theodore Martin, which follows: —

As the treacherous shepherd bore over the deep
His hostess, fair Helena, Nereus arose,
Hush'd the war of the winds for a season to sleep,
And thus sang the doom of retributive woes:

"Thou bearest her home with an omen of dread,
Whom Greece shall reclaim, with her myriads vow'd
To tear, by the sword, thy false mate from thy bed,
And crush Priam's empire, the ancient, the proud.

"Horse and man, how they labour! What deaths shall o'erwhelm,
And all for thy crime, the Dardanians in night!
See Pallas preparing her ægis and helm,
Her chariot, and all the fierce frenzy of fight!

"Go, trim as thou wilt, boy, thy loose flowing curls,
Go, vaunt thee, that Venus shall shield thee from wrong,
And, laid with thy lute 'midst a bevy of girls,
Troll thy measures effeminate all the day long.

"Ay, hide an' thou may'st in the couch of thy lust
From the death-dealing spear, and the arrows of Crete,
From the roar of the battle, its carnage, its dust,
And Ajax pursuing, remorseless and fleet!

"Yet in gore thy adulterous locks shall be roll'd,
Though late be thy doom. Lo, the scourge of thy race,

Laertiades! Dost thou not see him! Behold!
And Pylian Nestor! — And see, on thy trace

"Rushes Teucer of Salamis, dauntless and fell,
And Sthenelus, skilful in combat, nor less
In ruling the war-steed expert to excel,
And close on thy track, too, shall Merion press.

"Lo, Tydides, surpassing his father in might,
Athirst for thy lifeblood, with furious cheer
Is hunting thee out through the thick of the fight,
While before him thou fly'st, like a timorous deer,

"Who, espying a wolf on the brow of the hill,
Flies far from the pasture, with heart-heaving pants;
Is it thus that thy leman shall see thee fulfil
The promise of all thy presumptuous vaunts?

"The wrath of Achilles shall stay for a while
The downfall of Ilion, and Phrygia's dames, —
Yet a few winters more, and her funeral pile
In ashes shall fall 'midst Achaian flames!"

ODE XVI

PALINODIA

RECANTATION

Tyndaris seems to have called Horace to account for some of his aspersions on the character of her mother, for which he can find no justification, except upon the ground of youthful indiscretion when he gave way to his angry passion. He says: —

> I likewise, hurried by my youthful heat, gave too much way to passion, venting it in those reviling verses which occasioned your anger.

The following verse is reprinted from the version made by Professor John B. Hague and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1892: —

> Compose thy mind, — youth's earlier days
> And fervid passions penned those lays,
> Those bitter lays that vexed the soul
> With swift and fierce iambic roll.

Thomas Creech's version of this ode faces the Latin. In 1684 he brought out "The

Odes, Satyrs & Epistles of Horace Done into English," and dedicated the volume "to the very much esteemed John Dryden, Esq." Gladstone's spirited modern version of the ode is incomparably better than that of Creech: —

Fairer than thy mother fair,
  Quash at will my scurrile song;
Burn it, on thy hearthstone there;
  Drown it, Adria's waves among.

Pythian priests their frenzy lash;
  Dindymene, Bacchus, call;
Corybantine cymbals clash;
  Moody wrath outdoes them all.

Who can tame it? Raging fire,
  Seas that shatter ships and drown,
Noric sword, nor Jove in ire,
  Clad with thunder sweeping down.

Once Prometheus, as they say,
  Fusing this and that began;
Mixed it up with primal clay,
  Lion's might with spleen of man.

Mark, by wrath Thyestes falls:
  Wrath, the cause of when and how
Towering cities sank, whose walls
  Yielded to the foeman's plough.

Curb thyself. In olden time
  Fever heat within me burned,
Tempted, and my youthful prime
  To those hot iambics turned.

Gentle ways bewitch me now,
Nothing charms that stirs to strife;
Libels all I disavow;
Prithee love me, give me life.

Walter Savage Landor has the following quatrain, suggested by this ode: —

Strong are cities; rage o'erthrows 'em,
Rage o'erswells the gallant ship.
Stains it not the cloud-white bosom,
Flaws it not the ruby lip?

ODE XVII

TO TYNDARIS

The Tyndaris ode has been a favourite with translators. In it, Horace describes the beauties of his Sabine retreat, and invites Tyndaris to visit him there and enjoy the innocent amusement of playing the harp and drinking an occasional glass of his Lesbian wine, —

Here plenty awaits thee; here shalt thou retire from the heat, and sing of the loves of Penelope and Circe for Ulysses. Here shalt thou quaff mild Lesbian wine in the shade, nor shall strife be mingled with the cup, nor shalt thou fear lest the jealous Cyrus lay his violent hand upon thee.

"It is impossible," says Lord Lytton, "to do more than conjecture whether the person addressed under the feigned name of Tyndaris actually existed or not. There are one or two touches in the poem which seem to individualize her as a creature of the earth, — such as the selection of one particular song about the

rivalry of Penelope and Circe, which is not a theme especially appropriate to the place of invitation, and may well have been the favourite song of some fair lute-player; and the reference to the jealous violence of Cyrus looks like an allusion to some incident that had previously occurred. On the one hand, nothing is more likely than that Horace should have known, and invited to his villa, some such an accomplished freed-woman as is here addressed; on the other hand, nothing is more consonant to his exquisite art than the invention of attributes and incidents for the purpose of giving the interest of reality to a purely imaginary creation. A compliment to the beauty of the person addressed is insinuated by the name of Tyndaris, 'as if,' says Orelli, 'she was another Helen.'"

Lord Ravensworth's version of this poem faces the text. He published in 1858 "The Odes of Horace in Four Books Translated into English Lyric Verse," which he "Dedicated to His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales."

Marriott's version (Cambridge, 1803) is graceful: —

Oft Faunus leaves Arcadia's plain,
And to the Sabine hill retreats:

He guards my flocks from rushing rain,
From piercing winds, and scorching heats.
Where lurks the thyme, or shrubs appear,
My wanton kids securely play;
My goats no pois'nous serpent fear,
Safe wandering through the woodland way.
No hostile wolf the fold invades;
Ustica's pendant rocks rebound
My song; and all the sylvan shades,
By echo taught, return the sound.
The gods my verse propitious hear,
My head from every danger shield:
For you o'erflows the bounteous year,
And plenty's horn hath heaped my field.
Responsive to the Teian string
Within the Sun-defended vale,
Here, softly warbling, you shall sing
Each tender, tuneful, amorous tale.
No rival here shall burst the bands
That wreathe my charmer's beauteous hair
Nor seize her weakly struggling hands;
But love and Horace guard the fair.

The following lines, signed "J. B.," are written upon the fly-leaf of an old German Horace formerly owned by the late President Buchanan: —

'T is then, my Tyndaris, the glade,
The time-worn crags that hedge it round,
And fair Ustica's sloping shade
The mystic melody resound.
Thus the gods favour me, whose muse
To them and thee delights to pour

The horn of plenty ! come and choose
The pride of all my rustic store.
Come, for the dog-star rages ! Bring
Thy Circe song, thy Teian lute,
And lo, entranced to hear thee sing
My whispering forest shall stand mute.
Leave brawls, and Cyrus, and dull care —
Here in the cool, it shall be mine
To twine a garland for thine hair
And fill thy cup with Lesbian wine.

ODE XVIII

TO VARUS

The person to whom this poem is addressed is undoubtedly Quintilius Varus, the poet whose death Horace laments in the twenty-fourth ode of this book. It is supposed that Varus was planting trees on his country place at Tibur, and Horace tells him, "There is none you ought to prefer to the vine;" cautioning him at the same time against excessive use of its fruits. He illustrates the disastrous results of immoderation by referring to the people of Thrace, "who plunging themselves into Debauchery, broke through all the Bounds of Right and Wrong," and thereby incurred the resentment and ill-will of Bacchus, the god of wine.

Eugene Field's rollicking version of this ode faces the text. The brothers Eugene and Roswell Field made free translations of many of the odes, which were published by Francis

Wilson in a limited edition of one hundred copies, under the title of "Echoes from the Sabine Farm."

An excellent version of this poem by Philip Francis is given: —

Round Catilus' walls, or in Tibur's rich soil,
To plant the glad vine be my Varus' first toil;
For God hath proposed to the wretch, who 's athirst,
To drink; or with heart-gnawing cares to be cursed;
Of war, or of want, who e'er prates o'er his wine?
For 't is thine, Father Bacchus; bright Venus, 't is thine,
To charm all his cares; yet that no one may pass
The freedom and mirth of a temperate glass,
Let us think on the Lapithæ's quarrels so dire,
And the Thracians, whom wine can to madness inspire:
Insatiate of liquor, when glow their full veins,
No distinction of vice or of virtue remains.
Great god of the vine, who dost candour approve,
I ne'er will thy statues profanely remove;
I ne'er will thy rites, so mysterious, betray
To the broad-glaring eye of the tale-telling day.
Oh, stop the loud cymbal, the cornet's alarms,
Whose sound, when the Bacchanal's bosom it warms,
Arouses self-love, by blindness misled,
And vanity, lifting aloft the light head;
And honour, of prodigal spirit, that shows,
Transparent as glass, all the secrets it knows.

In referring to the Lapithæ (in the ninth line of this translation), the story is, that at the marriage-feast of Pirithous, king of the

Lapithæ, the Centaurs, being guests, attempted in their drunkenness to carry off the bride, Hippodamia, which led to a battle, in which the Centaurs were defeated. The struggle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ is frequently treated in Greek art, *e. g.* in the sculptured metopes of the Parthenon designed by Phidias, and now in the British Museum.

ODE XIX

TO GLYCERA

WHETHER the person to whom this beautiful amatory ode is addressed is the Glycera mentioned elsewhere by Horace, it is impossible to decide. Glycera, at the time this poem was written, is supposed to have been living with Tibullus under the same conditions that governed the relationship of Lydia and Sybaris, mentioned in the eighth ode of this Book. Authorities also disagree upon the question as to whether or not Horace was ever really in love with any of the feminine characters to whom many of his odes were addressed. The first lines of Anacreon's 46th ode are here suggested —

> 'T is hard to wear the chains of love,
> 'T is hard those fetters not to prove ;
> But the worst of ev'ry pain,
> Is to love and love in vain.

Undoubtedly most of Horace's Anacreontic odes are more or less sincere, and particularly

upon this occasion, "he acknowledges his inclination to Love." Horace regards the powerful Scythians and Parthians as being of inconsiderable importance, compared with the matter of love.

With all her strength hath Venus come upon me, and bids me sing no more of idle themes, — the Scythian and the Parthian.

The poem itself is charming.

The version printed opposite the text is by Chatterton, of whom Dr. Johnson wrote: "This is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge." Chatterton is supposed to have translated this ode in 1768, two years before he cut short his unhappy life.

Lieutenant-Colonel Parke wrote the following rhythmical imitation of this poem, which he addressed to M—— N——: —

The wanton God of soft desire
Inflames my heart with am'rous fire,
And warms me into love;
I now am doomed to wear its chains,
Its anxious doubts, its pleasing pains,
Its every folly prove.

Maria fills my ravish'd breast,
With her alone my soul 's possest
To ev'ry foible blind:

In her ev'n impudence can please,
'T is artless nature, graceful ease,
And gaiety of mind.

So much of common sense bereft,
What little reason still is left,
But only guides to err:
Each prudent thought neglected lies.
I think that they alone are wise
Who teach, not to defer;

Who teach that nature's honest voice
Will lead each free, unbias'd choice,
To what is truely best;
That in your dull, phlegmatic souls,
No gen'rous rapture e'er controuls,
Or warms the gloomy breast.

Cyprus (tenth line of text) is an island of the Ægean Sea, where Venus was supposed to exercise her greatest sovereignty.

Professor Shorey cites Dante's "Purgatory," 8, 34: —

Ma nelle facce 'l occhio si smarria,

and Milton's "Il Penseroso": —

Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight;

also, Racine, apropos of "in me tota ruens Venus," says in "Phédre": —

Ce n'est plus une ardeur dans mes veines cachée,
C'est Vénus entière à sa proie attachée.

ODE XX

TO MÆCENAS

While this poem is ostensibly an invitation to Mæcenas to visit Horace at his Sabine farm, "the principal design," says one authority, "is to remind Mæcenas with what clapping of hands and acclamations of joy he was received by the people at his first appearance in the theatre, after a long and dangerous sickness," the same year that Horace was nearly killed by the falling of a tree. The theatre must have been that of Pompeius, which was opposite to the Vatican Hill, on the left bank of the river, the hill being on the right or Etruscan bank, which gives propriety to the words *paterni fluminis ripae*.

Vaticanus Mons is one of the hills on which Rome was built; it still retains the name, and is celebrated on account of being the site of St. Peter's Church, the Pope's Palace, and what

was at one time the noblest library of the world.

The text of this ode is accompanied by the version of Hugo Nicholas Jones, published in London, 1865.

Sewell, an English translator, puts the Latin into this Anacreontic form: —

> Sabine wine of humble price
> From tankards of a modest size,
> Thou shalt quaff; a wine which I,
> In a Grecian cask stored by,
> Seal'd with my own hand the day
> When the loud applause on thee
> In the theatre was showered;
> O Mæcenas, friend adored,
> Thou, the Knight, — till Tyber's shores,
> River of thine ancestors,
> And the frolic phantom sprite
> Of the Vaticanian height,
> Back to thee with one accord
> Flung thy praises at thy board.
> Thou shalt drink the Cæcuban,
> And the grape by press Calene
> Tamed and mastered: cups of wine
> Neither the Falernian vine
> Nor the Formian hills refine.

Here is a recent parody, by Major Horace C. Duval, in which Mæcenas resigns his place to Chauncey M. Depew: —

> You 'll drink cheap California wine,
> Put up by these own hands of mine,

In flasks that only hint the Rhine
To our December.
I bottled it the day that you
Were first seen on Fifth Avenue,
And also at the play, Depew, —
You may remember —
How we first-nighters cheered you till
The whole house knew you had been ill —
'T was not exactly in the bill,
But it was jolly!
Old wines, old times — too good to last!
Yet still the echoes of the past
Ring true, though skies be overcast
And melancholy.

It gives what Horace calls a *iocosa imago* of the original. It is pleasant to read what Professor Gildersleeve says of this poem: —

All modern literature is haunted by echoes of Horace, and not to catch these echoes is to lose the delight in the *iocosa imago*. And when there is no echo, but only coincidence, the parallel gives us assurance of a kinship of thought and feeling that brings our *vafer Flaccus* very near to our hearts, if he were not playing about them already.

ODE XXI

TO DIANA AND APOLLO

Authorities disagree as to the date and object of this ode. Macleane says: —

The year after Augustus returned to Rome from the taking of Alexandria, that is, B. C. 28, he dedicated a temple to Apollo on the Palatine hill and instituted quinquennial games in honour of Apollo and Diana, and called them the "Ludi Actiaci." This festival seems to have suggested these verses, in which a chorus of boys and girls are called upon to sing the praises of Diana and Apollo, and Latona, their mother.

The following literal translation was published in London, 1743, and is interesting, by way of comparison with the version by G. J. Whyte-Melville, which accompanies the text herein: —

Chorus of Youths.

Sing, ye Virgins, the Praises of Diana.

Chorus of Virgins.

Celebrate, ye Youths, the never-fading Beauty of Apollo.

Chorus of Youths and Virgins.

Let us unite our Voices in Honour of Latona, the Darling of Almighty Jove.

Chorus of Youths.

Consecrate, ye Virgins, your songs to that Goddess who takes pleasure in gliding Rivers, in the Forests of cool Algidum, the Shades of Erymanthus, or of verdant Cragus.

Chorus of Virgins.

Come, ye Boys, raise your Voices in praise of delicious Tempe, and Delos, so famed for the Birth of Apollo, who carries his Quiver on his beautiful Shoulder, and the Harp presented him by his Brother Mercury.

Chorus of Youths and Virgins.

It is he, who moved by your pious Addresses, will remove from both Prince and People, the lamentable War, the raging Pestilence, and the destructive Famine, and pour them upon the Heads of our Enemies the Persians and Britons.

The reader will note that in this hymn, praise is given first, by the chorus of youths, to Diana, who was born on Cynthus, a mountain on the island of Delos; secondly, by the chorus of virgins, to Apollo, born also at Delos; thirdly, to Latona, the mother of Diana and Apollo; and fourthly, to the vale of Tempe, where Apollo is said to have retired, "after having slain the serpent Python."

ODE XXII

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS

Aristius Fuscus ranked with Plotius, Varus, Mæcenas and Vergil among the friends of Horace. He was in love with Lalage. In order to illustrate the virtue of a pure mind, Horace jocosely relates how one day, as he was amusing himself with a song in praise of Lalage, he strayed a little too far into the Sabine woods, and met a ravenous wolf, which fled before him. He thus gracefully demonstrates the chastity of Lalage, whom he looks on as a goddess whose virtue had protected him. This reverence, of course, very much pleases his friend Fuscus, whose jealousy is not in the least provoked.

Wentworth Dillon, fourth Earl of Roscommon, made two translations of this musical ode, one of which is printed with the text, and the second here follows. He was admittedly "one of the best critics of the age in which

he lived." Pope says in his "Essay on Criticism": —

Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
With Manners generous as his noble Blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And every author's merit but his own.

It is interesting to compare these two versions made by a scholar of great renown: —

Virtue (dear Friend) needs no Defence,
No Arms but its own Innocence;
Quivers and Bows, and poyson'd Darts
Are only us'd by Guilty Hearts.

An Honest Mind safely alone
May travel thro' the Burning Zone;
Or thro' the deepest Scythian Snows,
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows,

While rul'd by a resistless Fire,
Our great Orinda I admire,
The hungry Wolves that see me stray,
Unarm'd and single, run away.

Set me in the remotest Place
That ever Neptune did embrace;
When there her Image fills my Breast,
Helicon is not half so blest.

Leave me upon some Libyan Plain,
So she my Fancy entertain,
And when the thirsty Monsters meet,
They 'll all pay homage to my Feet.

The Magick of Orinda's Name
Not only can their Fierceness tame,
But if that mighty Word I once rehearse,
They seem submissively to roar a Verse.

The original of this favourite ode has been set to music as a quartet for male voices, and is a popular college song.

ODE XXIII

TO CHLOË

Nothing is known of Chloë, apart from the fact that Horace mentions her name a number of times in his odes. It is supposed that she was considerably younger than Horace, and very timid. He complains of her shyness, and reminds her that she has arrived at a sufficiently mature age to warrant her in beginning to meditate upon the subject of marriage. The comparison of the girl to a fawn is imitated by Spenser, who says: —

> Like as a hind
> Yet flys away of her own feet affear'd;
> And every leaf that shaketh with the least
> Murmur of wind, her terror hath increas'd.

Lord Glenbervie made a good translation of this charming poem, which is printed with the text.

Austin Dobson's roundel reproduces much of the spirit of the original: —

You shun me, Chloë, wild and shy
As some stray fawn that seeks its mother
Through trackless woods. If spring winds sigh
It vainly strives its fears to smother.

Its trembling knees assail each other
When lizards stir the brambles dry ; —
You shun me, Chloë, wild and shy
As some stray fawn that seeks its mother.

And yet no Libyan lion I, —
No ravening thing to rend another ;
Lay by your tears, your tremours dry,
A husband 's better than a brother ;
Nor shun me, Chloë, wild and shy
As some stray fawn that seeks its mother.

Le Comte de Séguier turns the Chloë ode into these musical French lines: —

Tu me fuis, Chloé, comme un faon rapide
Qui cherche sa mère, au cœur inquiet,
Sur les grands monts, et s'intimide
Aux bruits des vents et de la forêt.

Car si le printemps, d'une tiède haleine,
Froisse les rameaux, si parmi les houx
Un vert lézard remue à peine,
Tout tremble en lui, poitrine et genoux.

Eh quoi ! te poursuis-je, ô vierge rebelle,
En lion gétule, en tigre écumant ?
Laisse la piste maternelle :
L'âge est venu de suivre un amant.

ODE XXIV

TO VERGIL ON THE DEATH OF QUINTILIUS VARUS

Quintilius Varus, whose death Horace laments in this ode, was undoubtedly the poet and critic to whom the 18th ode of this book is inscribed. Some authorities contend that he may have been the Publius Quintilius Varus who committed suicide after the defeat of his troops in Germany; but this is only a vague conjecture, against the weight of authority. Donatus says that Vergil was much in the habit of commending the virtue of patience, saying that the hardest fortunes might be overcome by a wise endurance of them. "Therefore," says Fabricius, "Horace consoles Vergil with his own philosophy."

A favourite old version by the Rev. R. N. French faces the text.

The highest possibilities of the English language in expressing the beauty of this ode

seem to have been obtained by John B. Hague, Ph. D., in the following version, which was published by G. P. Putnam's Sons in 1892, by whose permission it is reprinted herein : —

Come, O Muse, in mournful numbers,
Grief unmeasured swell thy strain ;
Dear to all, in death he slumbers,
Let thy heav'n-taught harp complain.

Varus' sleep shall know no ending,
Who like him again will come ?
Faith and Truth and Honour blending
Made that breast their constant home.

Many a heart around us bleeding
Mourns his death — none more than thou —
Vain were Vergil's tears and pleading,
Heaven denies, and man must bow.

Could'st thou reach the Orphean measures,
Charm the list'ning oaks once more,
Death would not give back his treasures,
Thou could'st not that form restore.

All our prayers yield no returning,
Once in Hermes' shadowy band —
Hard, but thou deep patience learning,
Yield to Fate's resistless hand.

Professor Hague mentions French's version, which he seems to have preferred to all others ; he accompanies his own version with the following note :

Four years after this, Vergil died, and Horace lost "*Dimidium animae.*" There is no ode to tell that grief. Nothing strikes the thoughtful reader of these lyrics more forcibly than their hopelessness in regard to a future life. Although the belief in this was general, yet there was nothing on which hope could rest as in any way special and assured. The wisest and the best among them, as they stood over the remains of a beloved friend, could only say to each other what this ode says — "There is nothing for us but the dimness of Hades, — patience, it is our fate!" Inside of a century, from that very city, Paul wrote of that Pagan religion as a system "having no hope."

Melpomene (3d line of the text) "was the inventor of tragedy; and it was assigned to her, as her peculiar province, to preside over funeral songs."

ODE XXV

TO LYDIA

Henry James Pye, Poet Laureate of England in 1790, made a creditable version of this ode, which is reprinted facing the original.

Lord Lytton says: —

> It is obviously too absurd to suppose that the blooming Lydia of the 13th ode in this very Book is identical with the faded hag lampooned in the following ode. In the translation, the third and fourth stanzas of the original are omitted. In these omitted stanzas, the taste is sufficiently bad to vitiate the poetry.

This conclusion, however, seems to be contrary to the weight of eminent authority. A renowned Horatian scholar has said that Lydia being now grown old and forsaken by her lovers, he takes the occasion to insult her for her former haughty, rude behaviour to him, and tells her that whatever art she might use to gain a crowd of admirers, all would be to no purpose.

Professor Hague seems to have had no difficulty in rendering the objectionable stanzas into acceptable English: —

> In turn you feel proud lovers' scorn,
> In alley lone and chill you mourn,
> Where winds from Thracia's icy range
> Hold revel at the old moon's change.
>
> And passion burns with all its fire,
> The strong, and fierce, and vain desire
> Now rages on, mocks all restraint,
> While bursts forth many a bitter plaint.

He also thinks that "in the thirteenth ode he (Horace) reproves Lydia for her life of dissipation and strife with Telephus, and closes (the last four lines) with a beautiful picture of a future growing out of virtuous and constant love. In this ode he presents the outcome of a bad life, such as she was living with Telephus, or with others, — poverty, neglect, and scorn. History is constantly repeating itself, and passion and vice, also conscience and virtuous purpose, as we see them to-day, may have their prototypes in the past."

In "Barney Brallighan's Courtship" Father Prout transfers Horace to Ireland in this serenade: —

You lie fast asleep,
Snug in bed and snoring,
Round the house I creep,
Your hard heart imploring.

"Bon Gaultier," in the "Dublin University Magazine" (1849), has these clever lines: —

Swains in numbers
Break your slumbers,
Saucy Lydia, now but seldom,
Ay, though at your casement nightly,
Tapping loudly, tapping lightly,
By the dozen once ye held them.
Serenaders, sweet invaders,
Scanter grow and daily scanter,
Singing, "Lydia, art thou sleeping?
Lonely watch thy love is keeping,
Wake, oh wake, thou dear enchanter."

The Comte de Séguier puts the song into musical French: —

Nos jeunes fous à tes fenêtres closes
D'un bras pressé heurtent plus rarement;
Ils troublent peu le calme où tu reposes.
Ta porte également

S'attache au seuil, elle, avant si mobile.
De moins en moins on s'écrie au dehors:
"Ton adoré se meurt dans l'ombre hostile,
O Lydie, et tu dors."

Vieille, à ton tour, par les ruelles brunes
Tu te plaindras des paillards dédaigneux,
Quand l'Aquilon, durant les interlunes,
Souffle plus orageux.

L'amour alors, la passion sauvage
Qui des juments excite la fureur,
Mordra ton foie ulcéré du veuvage ;
Et c'est avec terreur

Que tu verras myrte et lierre vivaces
Sourire seuls aux tendres débauchés,
Dont la main voue à l'Hébre, ami des glaces,
Les rameaux desséchés.

ODE XXVI

TO ÆLIUS LAMIA

ÆLIUS LAMIA — consul A. D. 3, prefect of Rome A. D. 32 — is also referred to in the seventeenth ode of Book III. He is supposed to have been a friend of the Emperor Tiberius, who conferred many favours upon him. This ode was written about 24 B. C., and as Lamia was probably born in 47 B. C. he must have been twenty-three years old when the poem was written. It is evident that Horace had great respect for the person here addressed, as he implores his muse to "collect together the choicest flowers, that you may make a coronet to adorn the head of my dear Lamia; my noblest productions cannot do him sufficient honour, unless you contribute your assistance."

The Rev. George Croly, LL. D., whose English version faces the Latin, was a Trinity College (Dublin) man, and a fine classical scholar.

The version which here follows is by Sir Stephen E. De Vere: —

Dear to the Muses, fear and care
I bid unruly winds to bear
To Cretan season. I reck not, I,
Who rules the frozen North, or why
The Parthian trembles. Gentle maid,
Emathian Muse, for Lamia braid
Wild flowers that grow on sunny hills,
Or by thine own untainted rills;
Vain without thee my homage! Thou,
And thy fair sisters, wreathe his brow;
And teach the Lesbian lyre in lays
Unsung till now to sound his praise.

ODE XXVII

TO HIS BOON COMPANIONS

THERE is some doubt as to whether this ode was written in commemoration of a social gathering, or whether Horace transports himself, as it were, into the midst of a company, and imparts an air of reality to an imaginary scene.

The text is faced by the version of Professor Porson, who is said to have construed Horace from memory at Eton when his mates spirited away his text-book. He was an eminent textual critic; and his success in the metrical translation of Ode XXVII is interesting. Professor Smith describes the subject of the ode as "a convivial scene, dramatically portrayed, though there is but one speaker. The poet finds his friends in hot dispute over their wine; offence has been given, and from angry words they come to the verge of blows, when he checks them with the sharp rebuke with which

the poem opens." Francis gives this ode in thirty rhythmical lines, the last sixteen of which here follow : —

What ! does the bashful boy deny ?
Then, if I drink it let me die.
Whoe'er she be, a generous flame
Can never know the blush of shame.
Thy breast no slave-born Venus fires,
But fair, ingenuous love inspires.
Then safely whisper in my ear,
For all such trusts are sacred here.
Ah ! worthy of a better flame !
Unhappy youth ! is she the dame ?
Unhappy youth ! how art thou lost,
In what a sea of troubles tossed !
What drugs, what witchcraft, or what charms,
What god can free thee from her arms ?
Scarce Pegasus can disengage
Thy heart from this Chimæra's rage.

Professor Hague turns the ode into charming English. The first two stanzas follow : —

For joy is born the generous wine,
Strife o'er your cups — a barbarous sign,
Ah, send them to their Thracian hills,
'T is peace and quiet Bacchus wills !

Mid softened lights and wine-cups' glow,
No Median dagger seek a foe —
Companions, cease your impious roar,
Your couches take — and peace once more.

ODE XXVIII

TO ARCHYTAS

MANY of the foremost critical authorities disagree as to whether this ode should be arranged in monologue or dialogue form. Professor Smith, agreeing with the consensus of opinion, observes that the ode "is a dramatic presentation, the details of which are obscure. Whether the poem is a dialogue or a monologue; if the former, how it is to be divided; who the speaker or speakers are; — these are questions which have always puzzled scholars and on which they are not yet agreed. The effort, however, to arrange the ode as a dialogue may be said to have failed. According to Porphyrio, the ode is a monologue in the mouth of Archytas, whose shipwrecked body lies on the seashore. The view is much more probable which attributes the monologue to a shipwrecked man whose body has been cast ashore close to the tomb of Archytas."

There would seem to have been a so-called tomb of Archytas on that part of the Matine shore, with which Horace from its neighbourhood to Venusia would be well acquainted, and he makes this the scene of his ode.

The theory advanced by at least one eminent scholar seems to dispose of Archytas entirely, except that he is supposed to be lying quietly in his tomb, near by which the spirit of some shipwrecked sailor was moralizing upon the uncanny situation of remaining so long unburied. About that time the spirit is supposed to have discovered an approaching mariner to whom it addresses itself.

But you, mariner, be not averse to cover my bones and my head, that lie thus exposed without burial, with a small quantity of earth. Whatever haste you are in, consider it will not stop you long to throw three handfuls of earth upon me, and then you may proceed on your voyage.

Three handfuls of earth constituted legitimate burial, and saved the soul from wandering on the shores of the Styx. The ancients were of the opinion that the ghost of a dead body which lay unburied, wandered a hundred years on the banks of the Styx before it could be received into a state of rest. Thus says

Vergil in Aeneid VI, v. 327, translated by Pitt: —

No Mortals pass the hoarse-resounding Wave,
But those who slumber in the peaceful Grave:
Thus, till a hundred Years have rolled away,
Around these Shores the plaintive Spectres stray;
That term expir'd, their weary wanderings past,
They reach the long-expected Shore at last.

Archytas was not only a statesman and a general of Tarentum (400–360 B. C.), he was also a mathematician and a philosopher whose achievements were esteemed magical. The "Turkish Spy," Vol. VII, Book IV, Letter V, says: —

I may mention the mathematical magicians; such as Archytas, who made a wooden pigeon to fly.

The version of this ode facing the text is by John Conington, Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford, who, in 1863, published the "Odes and Carmen Seculare of Horace Translated into English Verse."

In Ovid's Met. B. XV, Pythagoras (*Panthoiden*, tenth line of the text) gives an interesting account of himself, which was translated by Dryden, as follows: —

Even I, who these mysterious Truths declare,
Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan War;

My Name and Lineage I remember well,
And how in Fight by Sparta's King I fell;
In Argive Juno's fane I late beheld,
And knew, as there it hung, my former Shield;
Then Death, so called, is but old matter drest
In some new Figure, and a varied Vest,
For all things are but altered; nothing dies;
And here and there th' embodied Spirit flies:
From Tenement to Tenement is tost;
The Soul is still the same, the Figure only lost:
And as the softened Wax new Seals receives,
The Face assumes, and that Impression leaves;
Now called by one, now by another Name;
The Form is only changed, the Wax is still the same:
So varying Death can but the Form deface,
Th' Immortal Soul flies out in empty Space,
To seek her fortune in some other Place.

This ode was imitated by the English poet, Matthew Prior (1664–1721), and applied to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. It was published in "M. Prior's Poems," and is in part as follows: —

Say, dearest Villiers, poor departed Friend,
Since fleeting Life thus suddenly must end;
Say, what did all thy busie Hopes avail,
That anxious thou from Pole to Pole didst Sail,
Ere on the Chin the springing Beard began
To spread a doubtful Down, and promise Man?
What profited thy Thoughts, and Toils, and Cares,
In Vigour more confirm'd, and riper years?
To wake ere Morning dawn to loud Alarms,
And march till Close of Night in heavy Arms;

To scorn the Summer's Suns and Winter's Snows,
And search thro' every Clime thy Country's Foes?
That thou might'st Fortune to thy Side engage
That gentle Peace might quell Bellona's Rage,
And Anna's Bounty crown her Soldier's hoary Age?
In vain we know that free-will'd Man has Pow'r
To hasten or protract th' appointed Hour.
Our Term of Life depends not on our Deed;
Before our Birth our Funeral was decreed.
Nor aw'd by Foresight, nor misled by Chance,
Imperious Death directs the Ebon Lance.

Whoe'er thou art, whom Choice or Business leads
To this sad River or the neighbouring Meads;
If thou may'st happen on the dreery Shoars
To find the Object which this Verse deplores;
Cleanse the pale Corps with a religious Hand,
From the polluting Weed and common Sand;
Lay the dead Heroe graceful in a Grave,
The only Honour he can now receive;
And fragrant Mould upon his Body throw,
And plant the Warriour's Laurel o'er his Brow;
Light lye the Earth, and flourish green the Bough.
So may just Heav'n secure thy future Life
From foreign Dangers, and domestick Strife,
And when th' infernal Judge's dismal Power,
From the dark Urn shall throw thy destin'd Hour;
When yielding to the Sentence, breathless thou
And pale shalt lye, as what thou buriest now;
May some kind Friend the piteous Object see,
And equal Rights perform to that which once was thee.

ODE XXIX

TO ICCIUS

A GOOD version of this poem by B. A. Marshall is printed with the text.

In the year B. C. 24, an army was sent into Arabia Felix by Augustus, under Ælius Gallus, who was governor of Egypt. The force consisted chiefly of troops stationed in that province; but the prospect of wealth which the expedition held out, attracted many young men at Rome, and induced Iccius, a man of studious habits, to join it. The expedition resulted in disaster, and the greater part of the force perished. But Iccius survived, and Horace writes to him a few years later as Agrippa's steward in Sicily. Beyond this, nothing is known of Iccius. The ode is a piece of good-tempered jocular irony, of which the point lies in the man of books going forth as a conqueror to subdue fierce nations, untamed before, and to return laden with the spoils of the East. Later

times have seen young and chivalrous men hastening to an El Dorado in expectation of wealth and distinction, and finding nothing but disappointment; and such appears to have been the case on the occasion of this expedition into Arabia.

To the Romans the East was a land of untold wealth, such as the Spaniards hoped to find in Mexico and Peru; in both cases the first explorers were dazzled by vast collections of useless wealth formed by a few despotic potentates, while the inhabitants starved. Milton wrote: —

> Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.

This ode was aptly imitated by J. Duncombe, London, 1765, and addressed to the Hon. William Hervey, M. A., on his embarking for North America: —

> And has my Friend, uncheck'd by Fear,
> With Braddock sailed, a Volunteer,
> And crossed the Atlantic Ocean;
> Resolved to chase the encroaching Gaul,
> And on th' Ohio's Banks to fall,
> Or rise to quick Promotion?
>
> What plume-crown'd Sachem, great in Arms,
> What Nymph, renowned for Sable Charms,
> Is prisoner in your Tent?

How oft War's Kettle have you boiled?
What rich Plantations have you spoiled?
What Scalps to Ickworth sent?

What captive Youth behind your Chair
At dinner waits, or trims your Hair;
Taught from his earliest Years
To speed the Arrow from the Bow;
Or, at the Bear, or British Foe,
To launch unerring Spears?

ODE XXX

A HYMN TO VENUS

In this charming little ode, Venus is requested to quit her favourite haunts to visit Glycera, who prays her presence, and to bring also a joyous troop of attendants.

A limited edition of the "Odes of Horace," translated by John Scriven, London, 1843, was "dedicated to the most noble Marquis of Northampton." Scriven's style is illustrated in the version facing the text. It may be compared with Eugene Field's free and easy paraphrase: —

Venus, dear Cnidian — Paphian queen!
  Desert that Cyprus way off yonder,
And fare you hence, where with incense
  My Glycera would have you fonder;
And to your joy bring hence your boy,
  The Graces with unbelted laughter,
The Nymphs and youth, — then, then, in sooth,
  Should Mercury come tagging after.

This suggests a beautiful passage from one

of the Sapphic poems, only a few fragments of which have come down to us : —

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A song in soft distress preferr'd,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O gentle goddess ! hear me now.
Descend, thou bright, immortal guest,
In all thy radiant charms confest.

The following French version is taken from an edition of the " Œuvres Complètes d'Horace," published in Paris in 1857. The translator's name was Goupy : —

O déesse de Cythère,
L'encens fume chez Glycère ;
Viens-y ; fais suivre tes pas
Hébé, qui ne charme guère
Si tu ne l'embellis pas.
Amène l'adroit Mercure
Et les Nymphes de ta cour,
Les Grâces, sans leur ceinture ;
Les Ris, les Jeux et l'Amour.

ODE XXXI

A PRAYER

Torre, whose English version is given opposite the text, was one of the occasional translators of Horace. This prayer was written for the dedication on the Palatine, October 9th, B. C. 28, of a temple to Apollo with a library attached. The statue of the Palatine Apollo, executed by Scopas, was brought to Rome by Augustus and erected between Praxiteles' Latona and Timotheus' Diana.

The poet asks, not the rich harvests of Sardinia, nor the prosperous herds of sunny Calabria, nor gold, nor Indian ivory; not the wine of Cales, nor the goblets of pontifical gold, but his frugal country fare, his olives and his salads; the secure enjoyment of his possessions, with sound health, an unimpaired mind, and a capacity for the lyre. Sir Theodore Martin thus renders the poem: —

What asks the poet, who adores
  Apollo's virgin shrine,
What asks he, as he freely pours
  The consecrating wine?

Not the rich grain, that waves along
  Sardinia's fertile land,
Nor the unnumber'd herds, that throng
  Calabria's sultry strand;

Not gold, nor ivory's snowy gleam,
  The spoil of far Cathay,
Nor fields, which Liris, quiet stream,
  Gnaws silently away.

Let fortune's favoured sons the vine
  Of fair Campania hold;
The merchant quaff the rarest wine
  From cups of gleaming gold;

For to the gods the man is dear
  Who scathlessly can brave,
Three times or more in every year,
  The wild Atlantic wave.

Let olives, endive, mallows light
  Be all my fare; and health
Give thou, Latoë, so I might
  Enjoy my present wealth!

Give me but these, I ask no more,
  These, and a mind entire—
And old age, not unhonour'd, nor
  Unsolaced by the lyre!

ODE XXXII

THE POET TO HIS LYRE

This is an address of the poet to his lyre, calling upon it to help him whenever he shall require its aid. The poem has been finely rendered into English by Herbert Grant, whose version accompanies the text herein.

The Alcæus mentioned in the text as the "Lesbian citizen" was a native of Mytilene. According to Macleane, "he fought in the civil wars of his native country, and left his arms behind him on the field of battle, in a war with the Athenians in Troas. He was exiled by Pittacus, tyrant of Mytilene, and travelled in different countries, particularly Egypt. Horace says that in the midst of his battles and wanderings he still found time to sing of wine and love. But he also sang of dangers by sea and land and inspired his countrymen with martial odes."

ODE XXXIII

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS

Albius Tibullus, though an able and successful general, heartily disliked army life. When he might have gone to Asia with Messala, he preferred the society of his friends in Rome. Quintilian placed him at the head of the Roman elegiac poets. Four books of elegiacs marked by "liquid clearness and unaffected finish" are attributed to him, but the third and fourth are probably by another hand. He was a favourite with his contemporaries and an intimate friend of Horace.

The beautiful Glycera had been espoused to Tibullus in accordance with Roman law and custom, but she preferred not to continue the arrangement beyond the time for which it was made, greatly to that poet's grief, and Horace sent this little poem to amuse and cheer him.

Tibullus and Vergil died in the same year, B. C. 19, eleven years before the death of Horace and Mæcenas.

Philip Francis (the father of Sir Philip Francis), whose English of this poem faces the text, was born in 1708, graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, and became dean of Lismore and private chaplain to Lady Caroline Fox; he died in 1773. He made translations of Horace's odes which, acccording to the "Dictionary of National Biography," "deserve to rank among the most successful efforts of their kind." Dr. Johnson said of him: —

> The lyrical part of Horace can never be perfectly translated. Francis has done it the best. I 'll take his, five out of six, against them all.

The "Dublin University Magazine" (v. 34, p. 224) contains the following anonymous imitation of this poem, which conveys to the English reader an excellent idea of the spirit of the original. The two extremes in rendering the ode into English are represented by this and the grave and serious version facing the text.

Nay, Albius, a truce to this sighing and grieving!
  Is Glycera worth all this tempest of woe?
Why flatter her, lachrymose elegies weaving,
  Because she is false for a youthfuller beau?

There's Lycoris, the maid with the small rounded
forehead,
For Cyrus is wasting by inches away;
Whilst for Pholoë he, with a passion as torrid,
Consumes, and to him she'll have nothing to say.

The she-goats, in fact, might be sooner expected
Apulia's wolves for their partners to take,
Than a girl so divine to be ever connected
With such an abandoned and pitiful rake.

Such caprices hath Venus, who, rarely propitious,
Delights in her fetters of iron to bind
Those pairs whom she sees, with a pleasure malicious,
Unmatched both in fortune, and figure, and mind.

I, myself, woo'd by one that was truly a jewel,
In thraldom was held, which I cheerfully bore,
By that common chit, Myrtale, though she was cruel
As waves that indent the Calabrian shore.

The thought in this ode—particularly in the fourth stanza—seems to have been borrowed from the 6th Idyll of Moschus, viz.:—

Pan sighs for Echo o'er the lawn;
Sweet dancing Echo loves the dancing Faun;
The dancing Faun fair Lyda charms;
As Echo Pan's soft bosom warms,
So for the Faun sweet Echo burns.

ODE XXXIV

TO HIMSELF

Professor Smith says that Horace "professes to have been startled out of this 'crazy' creed (of Epicurus, — that there were gods, but that their serene existence was never troubled by any concern for the affairs of men) by the occurrence of what the Epicureans averred to be a physical impossibility, — a clap of thunder in a clear sky."

Thunder from a cloudless sky was regarded by the ancients as especially ominous. In this poem Horace describes the effect of such a phenomenon upon his religious convictions. Hitherto he had been a follower of Epicurus; he now calls that creed *insaniens philosophia*, a mad philosophy.

Sir Robert Fanshawe, whose version of this ode faces the text, was one of the earliest translators of Horace into English verse. He was born in 1608, and, after a chequered life,

largely spent on the Continent, he died at Madrid in 1666.

The learned Doctor Ridley (1727) made the following version: —

I once despised the providence of Jove,
Nor paid my worship to the Powers above;
I pictured out those beings on my mind,
Full of themselves, regardless of mankind:
Mad sapience all! but, conscious of the truth,
I now reject the error of my youth;
For heaven's Almighty, thundering from on high,
Shot the red lightning from the opening sky;
And, greatly dreadful, through the brighten'd air,
Lash'd his swift steeds, and urged his thundering car.
The affrighted ocean trembled at his look,
And the fix'd world's eternal basis shook;
Wide-yawning chasms the secret regions show,
And all the terrors of the world below.
From hence I learn that heavenly beings guide
The affairs of men, and o'er the world preside;
Riches and honours are removed and given
By them, and fortune is the hand of heaven.

A felicitous paraphrase was published in Philadelphia in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and was addressed to the Reverend Samuel Magaw, D. D., Vice-Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, and Rector of St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia: —

Amid a herd of learned fools,
I traced old Epicurus' rules,

Through all the mazes of the schools,
And seldom deigned to pray:
But now no more his schemes prevail,
I veer to catch a different gale,
And to religion's harbour sail,
As reason points the way.

Array'd in all the pomp of war,
The god ascends his burning car,
Quiver the lightnings from afar,
And the big clouds divide.
Involved in horrid gloom he flies
Impetuous, down the passive skies,
While, round his throne, loud tempests rise,
And fires before him glide.

Heaven shrinks beneath his rolling wheels,
His thunder shakes the eternal hills,
And the vast flood her bed reveals,
To shun the approaching god.
E'en the deep vaults of hell below,
Where streams of endless torments flow,
Tremble, while horrid lightnings glow
Through all the dark abode.

Almighty God! Eternal King!
Who can thy matchless glories sing?
From thee, the fates of nations spring,
And tyrants own thy sway;
Whose power can pull the mighty down,
Exalt the peasant to a throne,
And place the deeds of hands unknown,
Amid the blaze of day.

ODE XXXV

HYMN TO FORTUNE

When Augustus was meditating an expedition against the Britons, and another for the East, Horace commended him to the care of Fortune the Preserver, to whom this ode is addressed. The design of invading Britain was interrupted by an insurrection of the Salassians.

Tacitus mentions a temple belonging to an *Equestris Fortuna*, in which the Equites set up a statue they had vowed for the recovery of Augusta. She was represented on Roman coins with a double ship's rudder in one hand and a cornucopia in the other (see full-page illustration accompanying Latin text), which may furnish a clue to the allusions in the second stanza.

The original text is accompanied by Thomas Bourne's version, 1831.

This ode was very aptly paraphrased by an army officer in camp at Valley Forge with

Washington's army, 1778, and addressed — "To My Friends." The last two stanzas possess much significance, —

O goddess, whose power and absolute sway
The fair town of Antium delights to obey!
Whose hand from despair can the suppliant save,
Or change the gay triumph of joy to a grave!

To thee, the poor rustic, who labours the soil,
Prefers his petition to prosper his toil;
The sailor who braves the loud storm-troubled sea,
Thou mistress of ocean, bows humbly to thee.

The rough, hardy Dacian and Scythian untaught,
By Rome's warlike sons are thy auspices sought;
Mother-queens, cities, nations, thy blessings implore,
And tyrants, with trembling, thy godhead adore.

Forbear then, in anger, with ruinous tread,
To crush the bright column, or humble its head!
Nor rouse from sweet peace the fierce nations to arms,
Convulsing the empire with civil alarms.

Before thee Necessity marches in state,
With wedges and nails, and dire emblems of fate;
Aloft in her hand is each torture displayed,
The hook sore-tormenting, and hot-molten lead.

Kind Friendship and Hope in white robes still remain,
Attend on thy glories, and add to thy train;

Though angry you change the bright garb of your
state,
And fly, in mean garments, the courts of the great.

The base needy vulgar, and false-swearing whore,
Will slight the cold friendship of him that is poor;
When poverty threats will ungratefully fly
Whose coffers are empty, and casks all are dry.

On *Cæsar's* brave arms, O! propitiously smile,
Now forcing his march to Britannia's far isle;
Preserve our young soldiers, and may they succeed,
Spread terror through Asia, and humble the Mede!

What slaughters and murder our bodies disdain;
See brother, by brother, inhumanly slain!
What altar, or shrine, has escaped from the rage
Of faction and crimes, in this curs'd iron age?

Then brighten, O goddess! our weapons once
more,
Besmeared with rank murder and citizen's gore,
Let our swords be unsheath'd 'gainst the foes of the
state,
The vagabond Arab, and treacherous Gete.

This suggests Carlyle's forcible apostrophe—

O Fortune, thou that parcellest out to man his lot of pleasure or of pain, thou that givest to one to feast upon fat things, and dash through life in a coach and six—and to another to starve on his salted herring, and drive through life his cutler's wheel—bestow (if it please thee) crowds and kingdoms, and principalities and praises, puddings and power, upon the great and the noble and the fat ones of the earth.

. . . Grant me that with a heart of independence, unseduced by the world's smiles, and unbending to its frowns, I may attain to literary fame, and though starvation be my lot, I will smile that I have not been born a king.

Wordsworth says, of his own ode to Duty, "This ode is on the model of Gray's ode to Adversity, which is copied from Horace's ode to Fortune."

ODE XXXVI

ON NUMIDA'S RETURN FROM SPAIN

We have no means of knowing who Numida was. That he was an intimate friend of Horace's appears from this ode. Presumably he was also a friend of Lamia's.

In the year B. C. 26, Augustus went into Spain to put down an insurrection of the Cantabri, and Numida probably accompanied him. On Numida's return, two years later, the poem was written.

John Osborne Sargent's spirited translation faces the text. His "Horatian Echoes," with an introduction by Oliver Wendell Holmes, was published in 1893.

Archdeacon Wrangham's fine version here follows: —

> With incense now, and grateful lay,
> And votive calf the Gods we 'll pay,
> Whose guardian care from farthest Spain
> Safe brings our Numida again.

Many a dear friend his kiss receives:
But more to none, though dear, he gives
Than Lamia, of his youth fond mate;
With whom on schoolboy bench he sate,
And early manhood's *toga* shared!
This day in white be calendar'd,
And wine from foaming pitchers flow,
And trip — like Salian — many a toe,
Nor Bassus now in bumpered glass
Let rival Damalis surpass:
Nor want there, crown of festal sheen,
Brief lily, rose, and parsley green.
On Damalis their gloating eyes
Gazers shall rest; but Damalis
Shall her new love with closer grasp,
Than elm the wanton ivy, clasp.

ODE XXXVII

ON THE FALL OF CLEOPATRA

Intelligence of the deaths of M. Antonius and Cleopatra "was brought to Rome in the autumn of B. C. 30," upon which occasion Horace wrote this ode. In "Antony and Cleopatra" the latter exclaims: —

> Shall they hoist me up,
> And show me to the shouting varletry
> Of censuring Rome?

Tennyson, in his "Dream of Fair Women," causes Cleopatra to say: —

> I died a queen. The Roman soldier found
> Me lying dead, my crown about my brows,
> A name forever! lying robed and crown'd,
> Worthy a Roman spouse.

Plutarch says that when Cleopatra was surprised in the monument where she had retired, "she attempted to stab herself with a dagger which she had concealed for that purpose; but was prevented by the vigilance of Proculeius,

whom Augustus had sent to preserve her." On breaking open the gates to the monument, she was found dead, lying on a bed of gold, and clothed in her royal attire. "Iras, one of her women, had expired at her feet: Charmian, the other, just ready to fall, and scarce able to hold up her own head, was adjusting the diadem about her mistress; and somebody saying in a passion: 'Was this well done, Charmian?' she replied, 'Extremely well done, and becoming a queen descended from many royal ancestors.' As she spoke these words, she herself fell down dead at the side of the bed."

Shakespeare, in his play on this subject, introduces the above speech of Charmian, in the following manner: —

GUARD — What work is here! Charmian, is this well done?

CHAR. — It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

It is evident from this that Shakespeare must have read Plutarch, or a translation of him.

Edward George Geoffrey Smith Stanley, fourteenth Earl of Derby, whose translation of this ode faces the Latin text, was born in 1799, educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, where in 1819 he won the Chancellor's

prize for Latin verse. He rose to be prime minister of England and chancellor of the University of Oxford. He died in 1869. His version of the Cleopatra ode has been much quoted.

The following are the first three stanzas taken from a version by another of England's prime ministers, — Gladstone: —

'T is time we drink, 't is time we dance;
Ye Salians, up! your task advance.
Adorn the couch where gods recline:
'T is time for feasting, comrades mine.

Till now, from out its ancient bin
To draw the Cæcuban was sin;
The Queen still aimed the stroke of Fate
At Rome and at the Roman State.

She, with her train! base, tainted herd!
She, drunk with fortune; idly stirred
With hope. The fire that burned her fleet
Brought back reflection to its seat.

ODE XXXVIII

TO HIS CUPBEARER

The translations and paraphrases of this gay and rollicking song — the last of Book I — are numerous and interesting. Its very brevity has conduced to its popularity. But its artfulness and artifice make it the despair of the scholar.

> Who knew and studied the cheap philosophy of life better than old Horace?

asks Thackeray, who also says: —

> Sometimes (when in luck) he chirruped over cups that were fit for an archdeacon's supper; sometimes he philosophised over his own *ordinaire* at his farm. How affecting is the last ode of the First Book!

Thackeray imitated this ode in the following lines: —

> Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is,
> I hate all your Frenchified fuss;
> Your silly entrées and made dishes
> Were never intended for us.

No footman in lace and in ruffles
  Need dangle behind my arm-chair,
And never mind seeking for truffles
  Although they be ever so rare.

But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
  I prithee get ready at three,
Have it smoking and tender and juicy,
  And what better meat can there be?
And when it has feasted the master,
  'T will amply suffice for the maid;
Meanwhile I will smoke my Canaster
  And tipple my ale in the shade.

The admirable paraphrase that faces the Latin text is due to the elegant scholarship and poetic taste of the Honourable John D. Long, Secretary of the United States Navy, whose masterly translation of Vergil's Æneid, accomplished while he was Speaker of the Massachusetts Senate, placed him in the front rank of those who have combined statesmanship with a love of the classics, and enriched the literature of their country with the *opima spolia* of classic letters.

The line — "I hate your Persian finery," as one translator rendered it — suggests a passage in Plato where Socrates tells Alcibiades that if he will observe the riches of the Persians, the magnificence of their habits, their prodigious

expense in perfumes, the great number of their slaves and "extravagancy in everything," he will be ashamed to find himself so inconsiderable.

This poem was probably written as a song, and there is little doubt that Horace, at the time of writing it, had in mind Anacreon's fourth ode on himself, a translation of which here follows. The striking similarity of the two poems, nearly five hundred years apart, will be observed at a glance, —

On a bed of myrtles made,
Or on greeny clover laid,
Willingly I 'd pass away
In carousing, — all the day ;
Cupid by my side should stand,
With a brimmer in his hand.
Like a never-standing wheel,
Fleeting time is running still ;
We ourselves will dust become,
And shall moulder in the tomb.
On my grave why should you lay
Oil, or gifts that soon decay?
Rather now before I 'm dead,
With rosy garlands crown my head ;
All the odours of the spring,
With a gentle mistress bring :
Ere I go to shades of night,
I 'll put all my cares to flight.

The Hawarden Horace contains a travesty

of the present ode, the first verse of which runs, —

Oriental flowers, my Cyril,
(Save of language) I detest:
Cull for me no costly orchid
To adorn my blameless breast.
Nor essay to deck my raiment
With the blushing English rose,
For its brutal Saxon odour
Aggravates my Scottish nose.

The following comical imitation was made by the "celebrated Mr. Quin": —

I hate French cooks, but love their wine,
On *fricassees* I scorn to dine,
And bad 's the best ragout;
Let me have claret at my will,
Let me of turtle eat my fill,
In one large mighty stew.
A napkin let my temples bind;
In nightgown free, and unconfined,
And undisturbed by women:
All boons in one, I ask of fate,
Behind the change to eat my weight,
And drink enough to swim in.

Here is an amusing old French burlesque of this ode, published in Paris, 1653: —

Écoutez, mon maître d'hôtel,
Ne tranchez point du magnifique,
Je ne me plais, ni ne me pique
De ressembler à table un prélat à l'autel;

Quand je vois une nappe blanche,
Et quelque bon levraut dessus,
Le jasmin et la rose franche,
Sont à mes sentiments des apprêts superflus.
Semez du mirthe seulement
Dessus les tréteaux où je mange,
Fleur de pêcher, ni fleur d'orange,
Au rapport de mes yeux n'ont rien de si charmant.
Dressez mon couvert sans vergogne
Sous des ceps de vigne enlacés ;
C'est un vieux conte à la cigogne
Que le vin soit meilleur sous des toits lambrissés.

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